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A New Short Novel by
JOHN ERSKINE

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The Story of a
Female Jekyll and Hyde

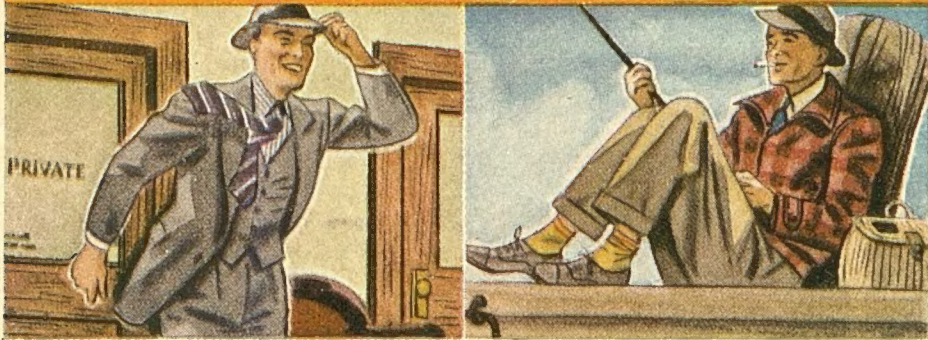
The Private Life of BETTY LOU

By Frederick L. Collins



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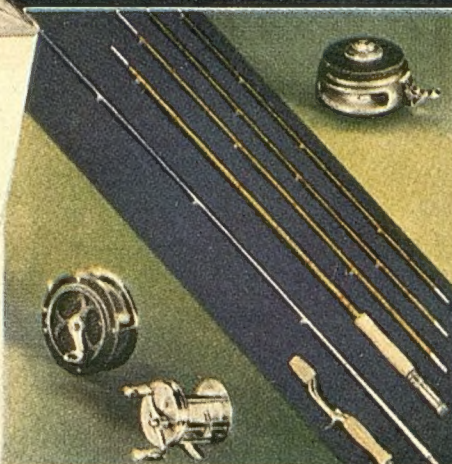
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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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CAN LABOR DESTROY INDUSTRY— THE SOURCE OF JOBS?



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

There is one very great difference between capital and labor that is rarely considered. Capital may be ever so greedy and grasping. It may take every possible advantage of labor. But it will never destroy itself. There is always uppermost in the minds of executives the need of protecting their holdings. Capital will not do anything that would be likely to bankrupt the business in

which it is invested. That presents one outstanding difference between capital and labor.

Labor has no investment beyond jobs, and at times its leaders are foolishly reckless. To be sure, jobs are important, especially when there are dependents at home; but these responsibilities do not always seem to weigh heavily upon labor leaders.

The workers do not seem to realize what they lose when they begin to quarrel with their employers. They do not appear to understand that money lost by employers means an indirect loss to them.

When a great organization loses millions of dollars' worth of business through a strike, according to the records made in a recent analysis by the Department of Commerce, capital loses sixteen cents and labor eighty-four cents. But this is not a tangible loss; it is money that the lost business would have received. It is not taken out of your pocketbook and only a part of this loss is borne by the striking workers. It must also be partly assumed by the workers who would have handled the product before or after it would have passed through the hands of the striking workers.

The greed of capital is restrained through the ever-present desire to protect money invested, and, regardless of how selfish some employers may be, capital has learned in recent years that happy and healthy employees are more efficient. They turn out better work and make more profit for all concerned.

However, the selfishness of workers has no such restraining influence. They want higher and higher wages, and many labor leaders see only the pay en-

velope for the time being. They do not think of next year or five years ahead, and without such a "balance" they often make mistakes that add huge numbers to the unemployment records.

The attack on capital that was so vicious in the early part of Roosevelt's administration has materially lessened; and, with all its defects, capitalism in the United States has furnished by far the best form of government. It has given workers the highest wages and the highest standard of living of which history has any record.

Apparently many thoughtless agitators, when they try to destroy capitalism, do not give the slightest degree of consideration to what will take its place. Regardless of what system of government might replace capitalism, the workers would doubtless lose materially by the change.

There could be no private ownership without capitalism. Communism means community ownership. Everything, even the clothes on our backs, would belong to the community; and the popular definition of Communism should be given more consideration.

The Communist is one who has nothing and desires to divide with every one else.

Through capitalism this country has acquired nearly half the wealth of the world. We have personal liberty here that is not enjoyed by the citizens of any other nation.

Labor unions are often led by inexperienced agitators. They are frequently incapable of looking ahead and protecting their members from future disaster, and hundreds of millions of dollars have been lost by business and labor, not through capital's quarrels with workers, but because of the quarrels between competing labor unions.

Fights within the ranks of labor have been the source of enormous loss not only to business but to labor as well.

Bernarr Macfadden

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WHY G-E BULBS GIVE MORE LIGHT THIS YEAR



1 BECAUSE ONE CHILD IN FIVE on the average, has poor eyesight...because every child needs protection from the hazards of eyestrain...General Electric research is constantly at work to make G-E bulbs give *more and more light for the current they consume*. Today they average 46% more light than in 1921.

Millions bought brighter G-E bulbs in 1937. Read why new 1938 bulbs give **MORE LIGHT THAN EVER** at lowest prices in history!



2 THIS GIANT "ELECTRIC EYE" measures light from G-E bulbs as simply as a thermometer measures temperature. It shows that recent improvements, including a new-type tungsten filament, have enabled G-E engineers to pack *extra* light into every Edison MAZDA lamp you buy today.



3 PRICES HAVE GONE DOWN as quality went up! Latest reduction, effective this year, brings the popular 100 watt size down to 15¢. This and other new low prices makes it easier than ever to "light condition" your home. Ask your dealer. He'll know exactly what size bulbs *you* need to give the whole family better light for better sight.

FOR BETTER LIGHT—BETTER SIGHT START LIGHT CONDITIONING TODAY

with brighter G-E bulbs at new low prices

Enough light in enough places for easy seeing and protection against eyestrain. That's Light Conditioning! Start today by getting a "light conditioning package" of new brighter Edison MAZDA lamps. Your dealer can tell you the sizes *you* need for eye protection.

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| 100 WATT ... for I. E. S. Better Sight table, bridge, and pinned-up lamps, also garage and laundry. Now | 15¢ | THREE-LITE MAZDA lamps, for three-light floor lamps or dining room fixtures. 50-100-150 watt, now only | 45¢ |
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By golly, Elmer, we hope you choke...and we think you will!

US: Elmer, you really ought to know better, buying a shirt like that!

ELMER: Hey, what's the matter with you? That's a good-looking shirt.

US: It's a good-looking shirt *now*. But wait till it goes to the laundry a few times. You know what will happen to it?

ELMER: No. What?

US: The cuffs will disappear up your sleeves like cards up Houdini's. The collar will get smaller and smaller. And you, Elmer, will either choke to death or give the shirt to your wife for dustcloths.

ELMER: Now wait! I thought of that. Look, it says right here "pre-shrunk." How about that, hey?

US: Think back, Elmer. Remember that shirt you gave to the ashman last week? Remember it said "pre-shrunk," too?

ELMER: Hey, I believe it did. Say, what's a guy going to do about this business of shrinking, anyway? Give up wearing shirts?

US: Certainly not. All you do is look at the shirt and be sure that it carries the words "Sanforized-Shrunk."

ELMER: What's so wonderful about Sanforized-Shrunk shirts? I bet they shrink like the others.

US: You lose, Elmer. The Sanforizing process is unlike any other, and we have 195 patents to prove it.

The very *most* any Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is a measly 1%, by Government standard test! That's a shrinkage so small that Sherlock Holmes himself couldn't detect it. Incidentally, Good Housekeeping Magazine confirms that 1% figure.

ELMER: Gee, that's swell. But aren't just the higher-priced shirts Sanforized-Shrunk?

US: Not any more. Many different makes, at many different prices, are now Sanforized-Shrunk, from inexpensive work shirts to the finest oxfords.

ELMER: But they don't carry shirts marked "Sanforized-Shrunk" in this store.

US: Then try another... Wait, what's your hurry?

ELMER: I gotta go give my wife fits. I just remembered she bought that last "pre-shrunk" shirt!

"Elmer! Yoo-Hoo! Tell your Wife—"

Shrinkage troubles are over for her, too! Tell her to look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk whenever she buys anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.



- Women's Dresses
- Nurses' Uniforms
- Men's Shirts, Slacks
- Men's Work Clothes
- Children's Garments
- Slip-Covers, Draperies

To be sure of permanent fit...look for the words...*Sanforized-Shrunk*

Beginning *Casanova's* **SECRETS**

A blithely captivating short novel of fate, a lady's guile, and the strangest of all the great gallant's adventures

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE INELUCTABLE FAUSTINA

THAT evening when he rolled and bumped into Florence with the other passengers on the diligence from Milan, his fortunes were, as the saying is, at their lowest ebb. That Casanova should ever travel by the common omnibus! He had begun the journey in a private carriage, for the benefit of such neighbors as warmed window sills to see the last of him, and even on the uncritical countryside he would have stayed in the carriage had there been hope of paying for it further.

To tell the truth, he changed to the diligence none too soon. With a grand air he superintended the hoisting of his baggage, and with a princely sigh, like one unused to effort, he climbed to the coach-top beside the driver; but at that moment his purse held but forty-one lire, and before he reached Florence the tidy little sum had not increased.

Do you travel much yourself? Always carry heavy baggage. The inn-keeper gives you credit by weight. But first, of course, you must get the baggage off the coach.

"Where do you stop?"

"Wherever you wish, signore."

"But what's the end of your run?"

"Signore, we prefer not to go beyond the Ponte Vecchio."

"That's far enough," said Casanova. "Let me down here. A friend expects me. He'll wish to send his man and a handcart. We'll be there in five minutes."

"Please God!" said the driver under his breath.

No baggage, no inn. But, as Casa-

nova reflected, the night was still green, and even though your pocket was empty, the nearer to food the better your luck, and the driver wouldn't look for him in a small restaurant, down an alley in the Via di Cimattori, which he himself had discovered only by accident.

It was a small room, none too handsomely furnished. At present five or six people were eating silently, even mournfully, each at a separate table.

Nearest the door a small man, an early comer, had now reached his coffee. He impressed Casanova as delicate; not suffering from any weakness you could name, but certainly not robust; not timid exactly, but lacking in realism. You wouldn't expect a firm grasp from his hands. His face was thin, like the rest of him; his beard came to a neat point; his mustaches were twisted off at right angles.

"May I join you, signore?"

"But certainly—with pleasure, monsieur!"

Casanova sat down and beckoned for service. "You're French, I see."

"From Paris, monsieur."

"Coffee," said Casanova to the waiter.

"You're not eating, monsieur? The food is excellent."

"I've dined," said Casanova, omitting to state on which day.

"To my very great regret, I also have dined. Had I not committed myself for the evening, I should linger here to enjoy your profitable conversation."

"What kind of engagement is it?" said Casanova.



"Monsieur, tonight I shall gamble!" came the reply.

"That's one way to spend an evening," said Casanova.

"Perhaps you will come with me, monsieur?"

The idea had occurred to Casanova automatically, but the last lire were going for coffee.

"Later, perhaps," said he. "Where do you play?"

"You'll find me in the Via Santa Maria. We've arranged for a little game in the second house from the right, where the street begins."

"These gentlemen you play with," said Casanova. "You met them but recently?"

"This afternoon," said the Frenchman, happy as a lark.

"I may visit that second house on the right," said Casanova, "to see just what has happened to you. For whom shall I make inquiry?"

"Dubois—Jean Dubois."

"The name is notable."

"My real interest," said Monsieur Dubois, "is in Dante."

"Ah?"

"You may not know, monsieur, his house is in the next street."

"I've heard of it."

"Every year," said Monsieur Dubois, helping himself to his hat and cane, "I spend a few weeks in this immortal neighborhood—for the atmosphere."

Casanova rose to match Jean Dubois's farewells, bow for bow. "May your guardian angel keep an eye on you!"

Monsieur Dubois departed, pleased, supposing the apt blessing was quoted from his favorite poet.

Casanova sank down again, gloomier than ever. That fool of a Dubois was just one more calamity in an overcrowded day. Why, the fellow was hardly a man—only an attitude! Like all weaklings, he was evening things up by patronizing the strong. Where did *he* get the right to admire Dante?

The door of the restaurant opened and a woman entered. Casanova, just on general principles, turned to look. You wouldn't expect a woman in such a place, unattended—certainly not that woman. She was fairly tall, well dressed, abundantly handsome, and she shot out of her a magnetic influence which you couldn't escape, and wouldn't care to. Her hair was magnificent, brick-colored, her eyebrows and her eyes were dark, her nose was high and fine, her lips were wide and full—the kindest mouth Casanova had ever seen.

She came over to Casanova's table exactly as he had approached Monsieur Dubois.

"May I join you, signore?"

"Signorina! This honor is too—too—"

"I'm hungry as a bear! My cook is visiting her aunt." Without embarrassment she ordered a bowl of soup, salad with cheese, a small cutlet, with spaghetti on the side.

"You have already dined, signore?"

"Already."

"I hate to eat alone," she said. "A solitary table is no better than a trough. While eating we should talk on high themes, to forget we are animals."

Her health and her good sense increased his fatigue. Against a creature so benevolent and, alas, so dynamic, even a strong man should be previously fortified with victuals and slumber.

"You don't look well," she said in a motherly tone.

"Signorina, you waste your sympathy."

"But your eyes don't look right! If you hadn't just finished your dinner I'd say you were hungry. You're not worried about anything, are you?"

The genuineness of her solicitude was touching. Casanova, worn down by a hard day, might break at any minute.

"Each has his troubles, signorina."

"Tell me!" It was a command. "Is it love, signore?"

"For the present, no."

"Then perhaps the absence of love. The balance of the soul is disturbed by unemployed devotion."

"I'm nothing but an adventurer," said Casanova. "I earn my living by gambling. I've forgotten how to play honestly. I fear my character is impaired. That I am a gambler," he added, "does not trouble me, but I hate to lose at it."

She nodded. "No money?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ



"Signorina, my state of mind makes success impossible. I am in the mood which attracts defeat."

"It sounds to me like hunger," she said. "Are you sure you ate enough tonight?"

He squirmed out of it. "I deserve to occupy no more of your thought."

She wouldn't be thrown off. "Where do you sleep?"

He himself had been wondering, and the question, put in that tone, melted him. He cleared his throat. "I'll make arrangements shortly."

She leaned across the table. "What's your name?"

"Giacomo." Pride concealed the rest.

"I am Faustina," she said. "I like first names. Let's talk man to man. You're in trouble."

"I wouldn't say that, signorina."

"You've heard my name," she said. "Be sensible! You're tall, strong, and handsome. There's no reason why you shouldn't have a full life. Whatever your sorrows, they're not serious. I should prescribe food first, if you hadn't said that you had eaten. You weren't lying, were you?"

"Lying, Faustina, to you?"

"Then it's sleep you need. My apartment is large enough for two. I've a bed. Don't argue—you're my patient for the night. I guarantee immediate recovery."

Sick at heart, Casanova watched her pay for her own dinner. He wished no adventure. Could he never escape? Her methods were novel but her purpose was only too familiar. Were women incapable of variety?

Her apartment, in the Via Curtatoni, was, as she said, large. It was also cheerful, well furnished, efficiently cared for. Her maid, Barbara, a stocky peasant girl with merry eyes, greeted her with a smile.

"To bed with you, Giacomo!" she commanded in the tone you use to pack away a sleepy child. "Here's your room."

He lay awake, doing justice to his amazement.

When he awoke, near noon, he was famished. From his room he couldn't hear a sound. He stuck his head out.

"Good morning, signore."

Barbara the maid was doing a little quiet dusting.

"I'll be ready in a minute," said he.

"Would the signore prefer a light breakfast, so close to lunch?"

"The nearest meal is the one I enjoy," said he, speaking from the heart. "Let the future care for itself."

Before he had consumed the second egg Faustina came in from her errands, as full of sunshine as the day.

"Now you really look like something! All you needed was sleep."

"It saved my life." He meant the breakfast.

"You must have traveled far."

"From Milan." He wondered, too late, how she knew he was a traveler.

"Our immediate problem," she said briskly,

As soon as Barbara left, he offered a kiss or two. "Faustina," he said, "I am losing my heart."

"is to provide you with the right start. Everything depends on the approach."

Though he didn't know what she was talking about, he was sure her intentions were of the best, and he tried to meet her halfway.

"I shan't overstrain your hospitality." With an effort he recalled her name. "This afternoon, Faustina, I shall arrange certain affairs of mine and find a lodging."

"Your lodging is here. What affairs do you refer to?"

She sounded twice as kind as the night before, but now that he was fed he resented the proprietary tone.

"Personal matters, Faustina, of no great interest."

She laughed. "What a child you are! I can read you like a book. You are out of funds, you are a gambler. Already you dream of a quiet game which will restore your fortunes before the day is over."

"I have heard of a place in the Via Santa Maria," said he weakly.

"But you really know nothing about it, isn't that so? It probably is not respectable. I shan't let you run the risk."

She was evidently so eager to be helpful that he felt ashamed to resist.

"It's what I always do, Faustina, in a pinch. I once played a fiddle in an orchestra, but not very well, and to try it again would be a step back."

"There's no money in music," she said firmly. "You really do know how to play cards, don't you?"

"I have been told so."

"This afternoon," said she, "Signor Rossi will expect you at three. He's advanced in years, well endowed, and his time hangs heavy. Cards would be his diversion were he not so inept. All he needs is instruction."

"You wish me to teach him?"

"It's arranged. I explained how rare his opportunity is, and he will pay a gold piece for each lesson; one every afternoon, or twice a day if you advise it."

"As a teacher," said Casanova, "my experience has not been fortunate. Recently a young man bought of me some coaching in the art of love."

"But at cards you're an expert," said Faustina. "Signor Rossi will expect you at the hour I named."

At three o'clock precisely Casanova explained the rudiments to an old gentleman in an armchair in the Via San Antonio. Beyond doubt Signor Rossi had wealth—his home was sumptuously appointed. He also had enthusiasm, unfortunately matched by no talent at all. His eyes twinkled with pleasure as he played the wrong card for the fourth time.

"Isn't that absurd, Signor Giacomo! I know I shouldn't have done that!"

"Patience, patience!" said Casanova, hoping his own good humor would last out the hour.

"I have some friends in Piacenza," said Signor Rossi, who liked to talk. "They are devotees of this pastime. If I could catch a little of your skill I would visit them. Unfortunately, they play for money."

"Dear me!" said Casanova, falling in with Signor Rossi's prejudice.

"It's a pity," said the old man. "The love of any sport should be pure."

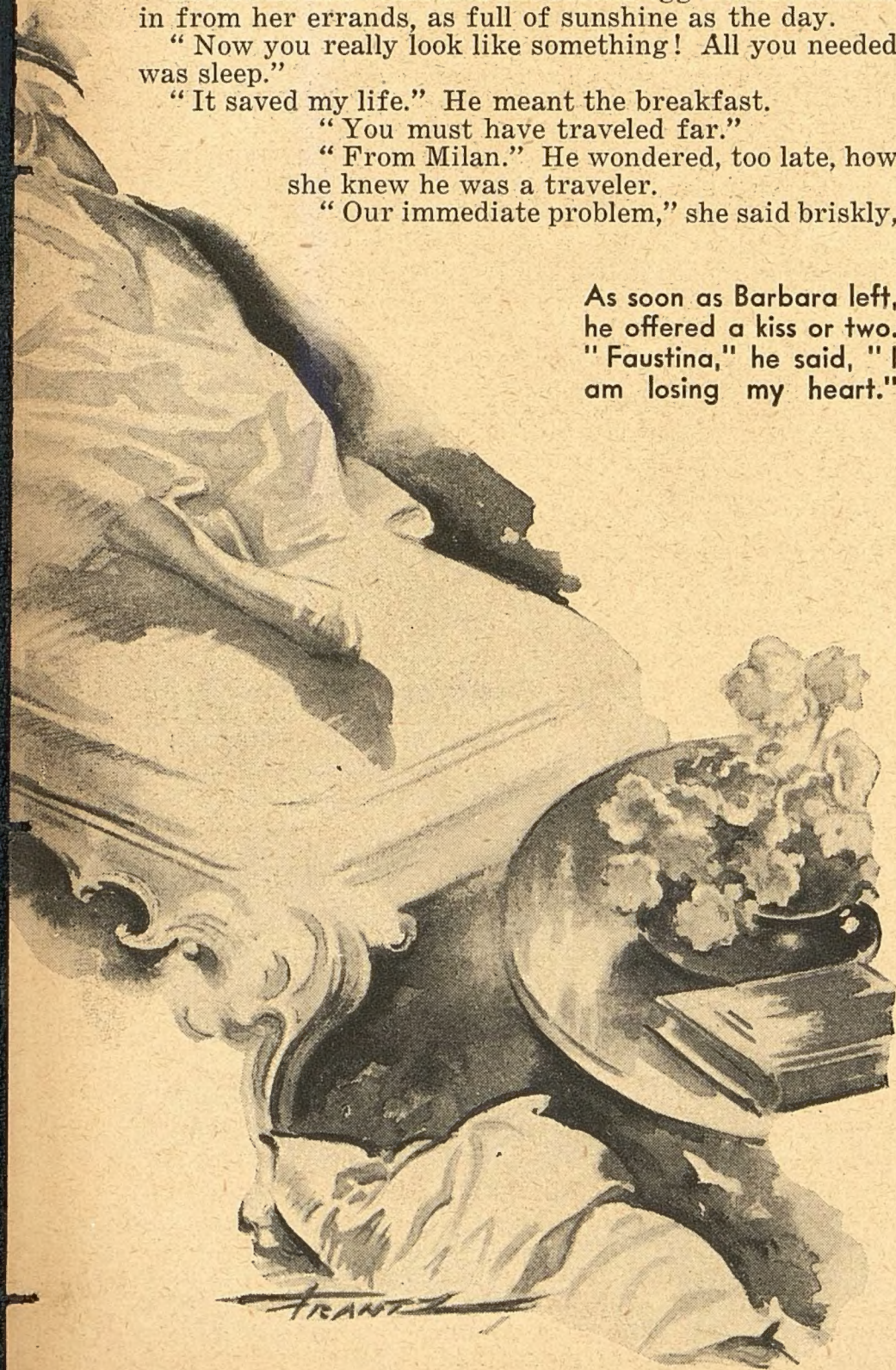
"In what part of Piacenza do they live?" asked Casanova.

"Do you know the city?"

"I came through it the other day."

"When next you go in that direction, I'll introduce you by letter. But you're stopping in Florence for a while, I hope?"

Casanova had his doubts. It was agreeable to be walking back to Faustina's apartment at the end of the afternoon with an impeccable gold piece inside his coat; it was also reassuring that Signor Rossi wished an extra lesson in the morning—two more gold pieces in immediate prospect. But of what use was wealth if you were imprisoned by a benevolent woman? Would it not be wise, at the close of the prosperous morrow, to make her a handsome gift, look up the diligence driver at the Ponte Vecchio, settle for the incoming fare, and engage immediate passage back to Piacenza? He could pretend that had been his plan all along and it never was worth while to unload the baggage.



Faustina waited for him almost at the door. She was radiant, not to say triumphant.

"Wasn't I right? Isn't he a dear?"

"He will never be a cardplayer," said Casanova, "but I am indebted to him—and to you."

"What time does he want you tomorrow morning?"

No doubt she herself had fixed the hour. Casanova was chilled by a premonition. Perhaps the parting gift would be unwise. It might be safer to slip out quietly.

"We'll dine quite early," said she. "The cook has come back from her aunt's."

When he went to his room, ostensibly to wash up but really to think it over, he found his bags. Barbara had already unpacked them. What a fool he was to admit that he had come from Milan. Now he was installed for life!

Yet the dinner was so plentiful and so exquisite, the wine so choice, and Faustina's beauty—beauty of character—so undeniable, that he surrendered to the moment and became again for that evening a master of art and resource, of tact and grace.

"Why," she asked, "should you ever be less than happy? Giacomo, my dear, you are irresistible!"

She said it with an artist's pride in a *chef-o'œuvre*, as though she had built him up to his perfection. But it would have been churlish just then to find fault with her. As soon as Barbara left them, he offered a kiss or two, beginning with the hand and working up. Faustina was gratified by the improvement in his spirits.

"How adorable you are!" said he. "Faustina, I am losing my heart!"

She liked his slightly jocular tone. "You should, at your age!"

"I love you!" said he.

"Dear child!"

You'd say, looking at her from the outside, she was born for love as much as any one; but he couldn't escape the conviction that she thought she was yielding for his good.

THE next day he breakfasted early, but Faustina was up before him.

"She likes the day while it's fresh," explained Barbara, bringing the roll and coffee.

"She doesn't go abroad at dawn, does she?"

"I've known her to, signore, when she had something special in mind."

It seemed indelicate to probe into Faustina's life through her maid.

"I didn't know the markets were open at this hour."

"They are not, signore."

He really couldn't inquire further, he really couldn't!

Signor Rossi was in good form. "When you left me yesterday," he said, "I took the precaution to write down the rules while your voice was still in my ears. Before I retired for the night I worked them out, solitaire, of course. You'll find me much improved."

Casanova sat down, took up the pack, and began to deal.

"Let me see," said the old man, rehearsing the rules out loud. "Always lead with an ace."

"You've got it nearly right," admitted Casanova. "I didn't say *always*; I said *never*."

"My mistake," said Signor Rossi, picking up his ace and trying again. "What a remarkable woman she is!"

"Who?"

"Your hostess. She takes after her father."

Though it was Casanova's turn, he forgot to play. "You knew him?"

"A friend of my boyhood. A great philanthropist, Signor Giacomo. More than that, a perfect husband. I envied him his happy marriage."

Casanova played slowly, fearing to check the flow of information. "Who was his wife, Signor Rossi?"

The old man chuckled. "She was his wife—that's about all you could say of her. She was beautiful, very! But no mind of her own, not an atom. I often marveled that a temperament as strong as his—but it's all the more to his credit. As far as we could see, the match satisfied them both."

"And the daughter?"

Signor Rossi looked up in surprise. "You know her

as well as I do. She inherits the best of both. She has, if I may so express it, the masculine quality of her father, yet she is altogether a woman."

When Casanova joined Faustina for lunch, with his second gold piece, he had made his decision.

"My darling," he said, "I should be unworthy of your generous affection if I hid my plans from you."

She smiled. "Don't I know, dearest? You could hide nothing from me."

"When I came to Florence," he said, "having no premonition of our happy meeting, I had already promised to be in Rome toward the middle of next week."

"You can break your promise," she said. "There is time for a letter. Tell your friend you are staying here."

He kept his voice firm, yet with an accent of pleading, also with a flavoring of grief which would be natural at the thought of parting from her.

"My darling, the engagement must be kept."

"It won't be," said she.

"I tell you, my darling, I have no choice!"

"Nor have I. I know what is best for you, Giacomo. Have I not proved it? If you went to Rome you would lose your money. You would be hungry again."

He grasped the arms of his chair and leaned forward. "Faustina, I have not sold myself! I have not bought your hospitality at the price of my freedom!"

Her cheerful face turned sober. "That does not sound like you, Giacomo. At heart you are a gentleman."

"Faustina, the point I make is fair! You are the best woman in the world, but I cannot on that account be your prisoner!"

Her eyes filled with gentle concern. "Your nerves are exhausted," she said. "You need a long, long rest. Why should I wish you to be my prisoner? The moment I see your health restored, Giacomo, you may go."

"Don't think me ungrateful," said he.

"I don't. It's your nerves."

"Naturally, Faustina, I have pride. You must have settled with the driver for the bags and the fare. I will reimburse you."

When he took out one of his gold coins, she held up her hand in protest.

"We'll discuss that when you go, Giacomo—when you are quite cured."

"Faustina, you don't understand me!"

She laughed.

"Several times," he continued, "you've called me a child."

"A term of affection," said she. "I'll find another phrase."

That afternoon, at the end of the ordeal with Signor Rossi, he walked to the Ponte Vecchio. The driver was collecting passengers for the trip northward. Casanova made no reference to the baggage.

"A place on the top, to Piacenza. I will pay in advance."

HE was glad when the diligence started. Had it been in his power, he would have put a nobler end to his stay in Faustina's home. It would have been decent to thank Barbara for the breakfasts. He ought at least to have cheered his more than obliging hostess with the hope that he would visit her again. But she was a formidable woman, unspeakably good, and you can't observe the amenities when you are fleeing for your life.

Slowly the coach moved along the Arno. As it neared the Via Curtatoni he almost asked the driver to slow down for a farewell glimpse of the house. Now that he was free, he could remember kindly.

Near the corner a passenger was waiting—a passenger, like himself, without baggage; a woman. The driver seemed to know her. Even without a signal he pulled in the horses and put on the brake.

"You may get down, my dear," said Faustina. "I have news for you. You are wanted at home."

Was ever a man so sore beset by feminine charm—and persistency? Will Faustina, so kind, so good, so inescapable, prove more than a match for Europe's gay philanderer? Casanova heads for hectic times. What they are and how he meets them will be revealed in next week's installment of this enticing story.

FOOTBALL—

A \$50,000,000 BUSINESS...

Where does the money go?

Harvard, Yale, and the rest—
What do they do with the cash?
Here are facts and figures
which may surprise you

BY YANKEE STADE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

IF I were to stop you on the street and tell you that you had just spent half a million dollars a minute to watch a football game, you—meaning the Great American Public—would probably tell me I was crazy.

But this is how it works out:

In a bad year college football takes in at least \$40,000,000. In a good year—for instance, 1937—it takes in over \$75,000,000. Let's be conservative. Call it \$50,000,000 for an average year.

Only it isn't for a year. It's for a nine-weeks season. That's nearly \$1,000,000 a day, six days a week.

But college football teams don't play six days a week. Some play two days, Wednesday and Saturday. Most of the big ones play only Saturday. A game and a half a week is an outside figure for colleges in the money. And they don't play all day when they do play. They play sixty minutes, or ninety minutes a week on an average.

That's \$555,000 a minute, isn't it? \$9,000 a second. But, no matter how thin you slice it, it's still—well, it's still Big Business. The Editor of Liberty wants to know who gets all this money.

Nobody gets all of it, but in the first instance the A. A. gets most of it. The A. A. is the athletic association in each college, to which the institution turns over football, basketball, baseball, etc., much as the proprietor of a carnival turns over the "hit the nigger in the head" privilege to an individual concessionaire.

One or more members of the faculty usually sit on the board of directors of the A. A., but, with a few highly publicized exceptions, are strictly dummies. The Edgar

Bergens of the outfit are the old grads. An old grad is often an ex-player whose career ended when he turned in his moleskins and who is trying to prolong it vicariously as an old grad.

Active director of the A. A. is the graduate manager, a sort of professional old grad. He is a well paid gentleman who must—and usually does—combine in his person the major gifts of Moses, Napoleon, Beaconsfield, and Billy Rose.

The graduate manager hires the coaches and sometimes the players, provides the playing fields and the equipment, and banks the gate. How much he banks depends on caliber of play, colorfulness of stars, accessibility to metropolitan areas, and ballyhoo.

Last year gate receipts varied from \$5,000 a season for an obscure college of less than five hundred students to \$1,000,000 for a large university with a spectacular team. Expenses vary with the receipts but not, of course, in the same proportions. The \$5,000 college usually has a small deficit; the \$1,000,000 university a large surplus.

First expense is the playing field, and the amount varies from the weekly wage of a man to paint white lines on the meadow behind Main Hall to the upkeep of a \$1,000,000 stadium. In the latter case, a major item is interest on the money borrowed to build the darn thing, a continuing load of \$50,000 to \$60,000 a year.

The only alternative to stadium expense is to hire baseball parks and municipal playgrounds like Soldier Field in Chicago. In either case, the cost is paid for out of the \$50,000,000 you and I leave at the gate.

The coaching staff on a big-money team runs from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year, of which the head coach gets about half and his assistants from \$2,500 to \$5,000 apiece.

A good head coach has to have all the qualities possessed by the graduate manager, plus the moral character of John Wesley, the resourcefulness of Gaston B. Means without the dishonesty, and the box-office draw of Shirley Temple.

Nearest approximation to this ideal among current coaches is probably Wallace Wade of Duke University, who is said to receive \$15,000 a year and a share of the gate receipts. Appreciated also are the qualities of Dana Xenophon Bible, who closed a ten-year contract with University of Texas at a salary twice that of the president of the college.

Bo McMillin has a similarly long tie-in with Indiana; but most coaches worry along with one-year agreements. Generally speaking, a coach is as good as his last game.

The coach's job, like the graduate manager's, is to get the largest possible share of that \$50,000,000 gate. The better the show he puts on, in a football way and a circus

way, the more money he takes in at the box office. First prize in last year's circus stakes went to the coach at Tuskegee Institute, who trained Mabel Smith, a pious, chaste, and virtuous Negress, to kick goals after touchdowns.

A coach who assembles an evenly balanced team, in which no individual stands out, is sour box office compared with the wise boy who builds his best plays around a Whizzer White or a Slugging Sammy Baugh or a Laughing Larry Kelley.

Which brings us to players and their cost.

Some few players receive salaries just as the coaches do. Others, especially on state university teams, are given political sinecures. Still others are paid in kind: tuition, scholarships—what a word!—and easy jobs at high pay.

Every little while the Carnegie Foundation throws a fit about all this; but nobody does anything about it, and nobody will. The general public has come to accept this fact—and why not? A football player is worthy of his hire. Payments to players are seldom made directly out of A. A. funds. Solvent old grads attend to most of this undercover work.

Given the playing field, the coach, and the players, the next job is to sell these goods to the public.

A good press agent gets about \$10,000 a year. His first job, with the co-operation of the coach, is to build up one star player into a box-office magnet.

Make no mistake, the star is good—he may be, and often is, the best man on the squad—but that he is so much better than all his fellows as he is made to seem to be is ridiculous. If the spectacular player has a spectacular personality, so much the better; and if he hasn't, the press agent endows him with one.

If, as in Larry Kelley's and Whizzer White's cases, he really is bright and excels at his lessons, the fact is good for columns of newspaper space, hours of radio time, and thousands of dollars in the till on Saturday afternoons.

The largest football crowd of last season, 120,000, was drawn, not by any Harvard-Yale, Minnesota-Northwestern, or California-Stanford rivalry, but by a game between Leo High School and Austin High School in Chicago, to watch Austin halfback Bill de Correvont round out a record season's scoring of thirty-three touchdowns and 204 points.

Just how much one outstanding star means at the gate is shown by the experience of the University of Illinois, which has only occasionally filled its stadium since the days when Red Grange made Champaign the football Mecca of America.

THE press agent's first requisite, therefore, is a spectacular star; and if God hasn't given him one, he must build one up; and build-ups, as movie and radio people well know, eat up a lot of money.

The personality of the head coach, as has been hinted, is another prolific source of publicity if properly promoted. Old Dan McGugin, Grand Old Man of Southern football, although born in Iowa himself, used to regale his Vanderbilt, Georgia, teams, before they went on the field to face a Northern opponent, with incendiary descriptions of Sherman's march to the sea. Another coach used to pray between halves in the locker room whenever his team was behind. Juicy items like these are squeezed by publicity men until the mimeograph machines break down and weep.

Grudge fights between rival coaches are often built up without either of the gentlemen knowing about their feud until they read their fiery words in the paper.

Yes, the press agent of a football team is a busy man; his staff of assistants, secretaries, writers, and mimeographers are busy, too; and his expense account must be exceedingly ample. Direct advertising is another bill.

Football-playing equipment for from fifty to a hundred men, at seventy-five to one hundred dollars per man, runs into a little money, as does the maintenance of a training table for the nine-weeks season. Doctors, trainers, rubbers, etc., get another gob.

Scouting rival teams and prep-school and high-school prospects, with some institutions, is a major item.

Railroads and hotels take their toll on trips out of town. Many teams make a practice of going wherever

the gate receipts are richest. Notre Dame, in its Rockne heyday, sometimes played practically all of its games on the road. Partly as the result of this cross-country touring, Notre Dame now has a fine stadium of its own at South Bend, near enough to Chicago to attract the metropolitan crowds.

Greatly increased traveling expenses have resulted from the various postseason "bowl" games, commercial affairs conducted to boost winter resorts and travel.

Last year six such games were played: the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, the Cotton Bowl at Dallas, the Sun Bowl at El Paso, the Orange Bowl at Miami, the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans, and the Poi Bowl in Honolulu. Alabama players went to California, California to Louisiana, Michigan to Florida, Colorado and West Virginia to Texas, and State of Washington to Hawaii. Not only players but coaches, trainers, managers, press agents—they all went along for the ride.

WHICH brings us to the fact that the varsity isn't the only team whose expenses must be paid. Large colleges usually have second, third, and fourth teams on the field to give the first-string men practice and to train recruits for future replacements. The practice of choosing a junior varsity from this squad—jayvees they are called—and giving the players chosen a chance for experience in real games is now well-nigh universal.

The jayvees train and eat and travel about, and thus duplicate many of the expenses of the varsity team. And most of the cost must be paid out of the receipts which the first team takes in at the gate.

And that isn't all. As a gesture to prevent the wandering about from one college to another of sought-after players, the colleges long ago adopted a rule which prohibits first-year men from playing on the varsity teams. That sensational young man, Bill de Correvont, for example, won't be able to play for the university of his choice—it looks like Northwestern at this writing but several colleges would like to have him—until he enters his sophomore year. Meanwhile, during his period of probation he will play on the freshman team.

Now, the freshman team is second only to the varsity in the eyes of the head coach, the graduate manager, and the old grads on the A. A. board, for here are the Ace Parkers and Sam Chapmans and Clint Franks of future varsity triumphs. So important is this squad, and so important is it that they should be drilled in the fundamentals of the style of play favored by the university, that a special freshman coaching staff is hired, and the whole expensive business of coaching, training, feeding, equipping, transporting, and—in many cases—subsidizing starts on its weary round.

Reference has been made to the fact that large slices of the football riches go in rent to owners of public stadia and in interest to mortgage holders on private ones. A small slice also goes in contributions to charity.

Attendance at that big high-school game in Chicago was undoubtedly stimulated by the fact that the net proceeds were to go to a Christmas benefit established by the mayor. Every year, too, after the regular college schedule is finished, picked players from the East and West engage in battle at San Francisco for the benefit of the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children. Church schools also play occasional games for charity.

Even including these games, however, it is doubtful if charity contributions from football games absorb more than one per cent of the total gate.

Well, we have about boxed the compass of the football outgo. If there is any money left, the A. A. uses it to make up deficits in less lucrative sports. Rowing brings in practically no cash. Tennis, track, and even baseball attract meager receipts. Basketball alone can be depended upon to pay its own way.

If there is still some money left, the A. A. spends it in building newer and bigger grandstands or reducing the mortgages on the ones they already have.

There have been isolated cases where a bighearted A. A. contributes something to the college and the cause of education. Such instances, however, are as lonesome as a Phi Beta Kappa key in a football locker room!

THE END

He took me right out of
mother's arms in spite
of all she could do.

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

INTRODUCTION—THE FAMOUS "DORIS CASE"

THE subject of this life story is, in my estimation, the rarest individual human being who ever inhabited this planet, as far as we have any records. Rarer even than the Dionne quintuplets she is; for each of those girls has her own little body, but this girl was, until her adopted father cured her, *five different girls living in one body!*

Her treatment and cure was recorded more than twenty years ago. Every psychiatrist has heard of her, but she has been looked upon merely as a "case" and the general public has never heard her fascinating true story.

She is alive today, very much so. I have had the privilege recently of spending many thrilling days listening to her. And although I have met hundreds of the great and near great of this earth, I never met any one so interesting as this very wise, very witty, and very human (in the best sense) woman of forty-eight.

She is human all right, but she has a strange emanation of the supernatural about her. *Uncanny* is the word for it; but as I have studied her I have come to the conclusion that her premonitions, telepathies, and intuitions are perfectly natural—only super-developed abilities which may lie dormant in us all.

"Yes," she said to me with a smile, "I am 'The Doris Case' and 'The Witch of Cedar Gables,' and many people think I am crazy, but—"

And then she smiled more broadly and knowingly, for she was aware that I knew that she is very sane and much wiser about practical matters than some of the learned psychologists who have studied her case.

I had been told that I would find her very delicate and ill in her mind, of precarious mental balance, a really sick woman.

How she laughed when I told her that!

"I do sometimes have a partial loss of memory," she said, "if I overdo and get nervous. It is nothing serious, however, and I never lose my common sense."

She does all her own work, owns and manages two houses, and drives her own car. In addition, she looks after the poor and sick in her neighborhood. Indeed, the girl who was herself the subject—and in some ways the victim, I fear—of years of psychological investigation has become a practical psychologist and personal adviser. Her assistance has been given out of the kindness of her heart and without thought of pay.

She took me for a ride in her fast car, which she handled like an expert. "Why shouldn't I be a good driver?" she said proudly. "I've driven for twenty-two years without having an accident or getting a ticket. I've driven father to California and back, and to New Orleans, and to Canada. And in New York City I was chauffeur for a private family."

I suppose that something of the peculiar sense of confidence that one has in the presence of this woman is due to the fact that she is a singularly well integrated personality, a unified person of unusual power and decision. She radiates power. You feel it every moment you are with her.

Yet out of what conflict and trouble was this present self of hers born! Imagine the difficulties and complications when a single physical frame housed five very different personalities, so independent that they had to have separate pocketbooks, separate bureau drawers, separate outfits of clothes, and even wrote notes to each other with the same pair of hands!

Scientists called her a "multiple personality," and Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, the closest observer, who eventually adopted her as his daughter, said that her case should be scientifically termed "*polycyclical polymor-*



I WAS FIVE GIRLS

From life! The extraordinary true
story of a female Jekyll and Hyde

by "DORIS"

IN COLLABORATION WITH

THE REV. DR.
CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY

phosis (quintuple)." There have been others somewhat similar, but none so interesting or so well attested and documented.

Dr. Prince "pushed back" three of her personalities in order to cure her, but left one, a beneficent and helpful one who is still with her, and whose permission was secured for the writing of this autobiography.

It was in the course of my investigations in the field of so-called telepathy that I came across the papers of the Doris Case. In various publications and "proceedings" of a research society I found nearly three thousand pages printed.

Out of these records, twenty years and more old, buried in dusty tomes on forgotten shelves, there came alive to me a fascinating human personality. Between the lines written by the professors I caught glimpses of a vivid young woman who was secretly laughing at the learned men even while they were analyzing her. One of her personalities even gave advice as to the best procedure for curing the case, and it is a matter of scientific record that Dr. Prince himself admitted that when he followed this advice it usually proved to be correct!

I found myself wondering whether Dr. Prince had cured the girl, or whether she had cured herself with his very splendid co-operation. The latest psychology would be inclined, I think, to the latter view.

One day a bright idea came to me. Perhaps this girl, now a woman, was still alive! Perhaps I could find her and talk to her! If Dr. Prince had begun to study her in January, 1911, when she was not yet twenty-two, and had cured her in April, 1914, when she was barely twenty-five, then she would now be a woman of only middle age.

It took me several weeks before I finally discovered her living quietly and unrecognized in a small Massachusetts town. From the moment she answered my ring and graciously invited me in, there began a real adventure for me in the investigation of the unusual in human personality. When I came home and talked about her to my wife, I found myself referring to her as "the Wise Woman of Tekoa," for she seemed to have the sagacity of that Bible character.

To Dr. Prince, who died only four years ago, should be given the privilege of announcing in his own words the complete cure which he effected:

"On April 19, 1914, owing to Margaret's departure, Real Doris, after twenty-two years of changing personalities, again stood on the firm ground of mental integrity, and since then has not had one moment's interruption of a clear and continuous consciousness."

But the integrated consciousness seemed to have remarkable powers of perception, beyond that of ordinary people. Strange things happened in her vicinity. Dr. Prince wrote other books about her besides *The Doris Case*, such as *The Psychic in the House*.

He had adopted the girl and, when his wife died, Miss Theodosia Prince, formerly Doris Fischer, kept house for him, and evenings after his work was done he would relax in an easy chair and converse with Sleeping Margaret, whose ripe wisdom and canny insight into human affairs helped him to many a wise decision.

Surely, in later ages, when we understand more about human beings than we do now, our descendants will with great enthusiasm erect some monument to the memory of Dr. Prince and the girl he saved from insanity and death.

CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

THE GIRL OF RUBBERNECK ROW

THEY called it Rubberneck Row because if any stranger ventured down into that section of the Pittsburgh river front the women of the Row would all stick their heads out of the windows.

I was born on March 31, 1889, at 5 Rubberneck Row. And I suppose the Row would never have been heard of if it hadn't been for me, but that wasn't my fault. It was because of something I couldn't help.

I have been examined with curiosity by the greatest psychologists of the world, because I am "The Doris Case" of multiple personality; but I am tired of being just a pigeonholed case, a documented specimen. Besides, I know a lot about myself that the scientists never found

out, and I know some very important facts about the peculiarities of the human mind which I want to pass on while I am still in my prime and can think clearly.

My mother had smallpox when she was carrying me and even when I was born, and there was no one in Rubberneck Row that dared to help her. They pushed a pail of hot water inside the door for her and that was all. She must have been good and tough. I was her thirteenth. But there weren't any more. I was always her baby. And that meant a lot to her and to me.

My father was always drunk, as I remember him, and the terrible thing he did to me when I was three was what caused the first split in my personality. And he abused my mother. He was drunk in bed with her when she died, and that caused the second split in me.

But she always loved him, even to the end. She had loved him from the time she first saw him. Her father was a well-to-do sawmill owner who had two daughters, Maisie and Amanda. Besides his sawmill, he had a big stable of horses. German boys came over and he used to hire them as apprentices. Amanda fell in love with one of them, although she was only fifteen. She went to the stables and sat and talked with him. He was young too, and was still going to school. She went to a private school and he went to the public school, but she managed it so that they walked part way together.

HER family tried to break it up, but they eloped and went somewhere down the river. Right then the Civil War broke out and he went, and she went with him, cutting off her hair and putting on a boy's shirt and pants. She got away with it for a little while, but she was caught and they sent her back to Pittsburgh.

Hands were scarce, and she got a job as a boy in her own father's mill and worked there for three weeks until he saw her and recognized her and kicked her out. She was up against it, for she had a baby coming, but "Uncle" Joe found her and took care of her. He was really no relation, but he had a kind heart. He scraped up enough to keep her going during the war. Her first baby, Minnie, was born. When the young husband came back after serving the whole four years of the war, he was all dressed up in a fine uniform, for he had been promoted and promoted and had got to be one of Grant's aides. He got a position right away as manager of the streetcar lines in Pittsburgh. They were horsecar lines then.

It was a good position and good pay, but . . . he drank up his money and he lost his job. There was a child every year and no money, so it was Rubberneck Row for the family for twenty-five years. As I say, I was the last of thirteen children, and four of them died. Four boys and five girls grew up.

One night my father came home drunk and had an argument with the mother, and he took me, a three-year-old child, right out of her arms in spite of all she could do, and threw me on the floor. I struck on my head. But I was tough enough to keep on living, although it affected me in a way that no one knew about until later.

Doris Fischer wasn't my real name then, but it is the name which the scientists used for me later, to avoid any trouble. It was when I was four years old that I first began to understand that I was more than one person.

I remember plainly just when it happened. Some one had given Margaret a red ball. She was the other personality in me then, although I didn't know anything about it. When she was "out" in consciousness, some one had given her this ball. And when I came "out," there it was on the floor near me, and I reached for it.

Then she scratched me.

Of course it was my hand that had scratched my neck, but I hadn't done it! She had come out quickly and scratched and then had "ducked under" right away and left me to come out and bear the pain. But the pain passed, and I reached for the ball again, and she scratched me again. Then I began to get the idea.

Of course I knew nothing about multiple personality. I thought all people were like that, with a Margaret inside, always popping out.

When I was a little older, I found that people seemed to think I was queer in some way, and mother naturally

blamed me for things the mischievous Margaret had done. I tried to explain to her, but it was not easy. You see, the way it seemed to me when Margaret came out was that there was just a blank space. I would be doing something interesting, and right in the middle of it I would "forget"—and the first thing I knew I would find myself in a different place doing something else. I could see the evidence of what Margaret had been doing while I had been forgetting.

So when I finally decided to tell my mother why I seemed to have done certain things that displeased her, and then, a few minutes later, denied up and down that I had done them, the only way I could put it into words was to say, "Mother, I *forget*." She didn't understand. She just said comfortingly, "There, there, child, never mind. All people forget."

I naturally thought that she meant that everybody "forgot" in the same way I did.

All I could do about it then was simply to adjust myself to getting along the best way I could. It's surprising how you can get used to taking the blame for things you never did. And when I found I was supposed to know about things that had happened when Margaret was "out," I just stalled and fished around until I learned what had been going on.

Margaret was fair, though. She ducked under many times and dodged what was coming to her; but she did have a sense of justice. She insisted on her property rights, but she insisted on mine too. When the mother (we always used to call her "the mother") made Margaret a rag doll, she demanded another, and left one for me to play with when I came out. We didn't touch each other's toys. Mother just accepted the fact that I had to have two of everything.

Margaret had one great advantage over me. When I was out in consciousness and she was underneath, she knew everything I did. But when I "forgot" and she was out, I was not aware of what she was doing.

The first that I knew about her watching underneath was when she used to hide candy from me. When I couldn't find it, she would laugh underneath, and I would know that she was laughing at me, and it would make me very angry. That would make her laugh all the more. When I tried to get even with her by hiding candy from her, she went right to it, and then how she would tease me! So that is how I first came to learn that she knew everything I did. After I once got that into my head I got along better with her, and we used to have good times together. When I was on deck and she was underneath, I would speak to her and she would answer me through my own lips.

The mother couldn't understand why I was so changeable and unreasonable. I liked meat; Margaret didn't. I was very fond of custard, but Margaret wouldn't touch it. We were different in other ways, too. She wanted all her dresses very simple and easy to put on and take off. I liked to dress up with frills and be a little lady.

I was quiet. I loved to read and study, and help my mother at her housework and talk sensibly with her. But Margaret was crazy to be outdoors. Even when we were only six or seven, she wanted to be always running races with the boys and swimming in the river.

When I was a little older I rebelled, and had a good straight talk with Margaret one day, and we came to an agreement that we each should do half of the work; but it never came to much. It was harder to hold her to her share than it was to do it myself. Yet I enjoyed life, even if we were poor. And don't get the idea that I hated Margaret. I really liked her, and she liked me.

She didn't like school; it was too confining for her.

I remember so well when we began to go. I thought it was great. I was always the one that arrived at school. About the middle of the forenoon I would be sitting quietly at my desk and I would feel Margaret getting restless. Then she would say to me in a low tone, with my lips, "Come on, let's go home." The teacher would hear her and would speak up sharply: "Doris Fischer, what was that you were mumbling?"

By that time Margaret and I had come to the understanding that we would never reveal our secret to any one, the secret that we were two. So all the reply the teacher could get from me was, "Nothing, teacher."

The first sign of anything psychic or telepathic or clairvoyant, or whatever you want to call it, about me was something that happened when I was eight years old. I suppose it was an instance of what Dr. Rhine, down at Duke University, calls extrasensory perception. I knew him before he went there. In fact, my adopted father, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, who cured me of my split personality, recognized his ability when he was just a boy. They say he has proved that telepathy is a fact. That is fine, but I knew it long, long ago.

When I was eight, sitting at the supper table, I suddenly started to cry. My mother said, "Child, what are you crying for?" And I said, "The men are all drowned." One of my brothers said, "Nobody has been drowned, you crazy kid. Eat your supper." Then another brother burst into the house saying, "A boat was coming over from the island, and there was an explosion, and eight workmen were drowned." Mother said, "Who told you about it, child?" And I said, "No one. I just knew it."

Well, they talked about it for a day or two, but time moves on and people forget, especially when it is a scramble to get enough to live on.

I never came out at night from the time when I was hurt until I was twenty-two, when Dr. Prince began to cure me. I would go upstairs at bedtime, but at the head of the stairs Margaret would come out, to remain until I came down in the morning.

Margaret did not sleep all night. She played and amused herself. She could see at night by very dim light; her eyesight was quite abnormal. She would do my lessons for me. When they were hard for her, she would write "Darn it" on the paper, and I would have to copy it over. After a while they got too hard for her. She never developed beyond a ten-year-old mentality, so by the time I was in the sixth grade the papers she did were no use to me. She finally quit.

The reason she did the lessons for me as long as she could was that she knew, of course, that I was working to the limit of my strength. It is a fact that I began to earn money by the time I was six years old, and when I was seven I was earning quite a bit. In the morning and after school I would run errands. In the evening I worked from half past six to ten o'clock washing dishes for four or five families, at a quarter a family. In vacations I worked in a pickle factory, in a laundry, and as a nurse girl. They didn't ask your age then.

By the time I was a few years older I was rising at 3.30 A. M., doing housework before breakfast, getting father off to work at the livery stable at five, and getting to my own work at seven. If I cracked up and split my personality again at seventeen, when my mother died, it is no wonder. I was supporting the whole family by then.

And when you realize that my hours were from 3.30 A. M. to ten or later in the evening, and that Margaret was up half the night playing with paper dolls, you wonder how much the human mechanism can stand, anyway.

THE END



"Doris" as she looks today.

Did Margaret the Imp "die" once and for all at the bidding of Dr. Prince? Is Doris ever, in any respect, Margaret today? And what special uncanny insight into human nature has Doris gained as compensation for her youth's long ordeal from a split personality? You'll find her astonishing answers in *Liberty* next week!



SILVER

A tense, thrilling tale of two young hearts, a dark intrigue, and a bizarre ordeal for love

BY A. D. MORFORD

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

He picked her up and headed for the stairs. It would not be long before the old house would be a torch for the countryside.

FROM THE PAST

FIVE million dollars!" said Springer Stenzel. "Tomorrow, my boy, you will be worth five million dollars. One half the Holcumb inheritance."

He rubbed the bald spot on his crown hedged by jet-black hair in which hardly a white thread showed. At sixty, in spite of forty years spent as the confidant and defender of practically every criminal on the calendar, he could still pass easily for two thirds his age.

"The lost heir to the Holcumb millions," he chuckled. "Why, it's a story out of a book! A fine girl for a sister to share them with—and old Springer Stenzel to double them, triple them—yes! quadruple them—for you!"

The young man across the desk, with the build of a Pacific Coast tackle, returned his look through gray eyes shadowed by uncertainty.

"It's a swell picture," he said quietly. "If I really am the Holcumb heir—and Penny's brother."

"No more of that!" Stenzel snapped. "You're Thomas Holcumb all right—beyond all shadow of doubt. In the eyes of the law and in the belief of every one now living who ever had anything to do with the Holcumb family. What do you think I've spent twenty years and my own money for? You ought to realize I can't afford to be wrong, in court or out of it."

"Sure! You're right, Mr. Stenzel," the young man said. "There shouldn't be any question, in view of what you've found out. Only"—he hesitated—"as you say, it's like a story out of a book. I'm afraid I'll wake up."

"You won't!" said Stenzel. "Be here at eleven tomorrow morning. Your sister, the trustees, and their attorneys are meeting us to arrange the transfers."

AFTER Tommy had gone, Stenzel rang for his clerk. "Holcumb confidential papers and exhibits," he said. The clerk returned carrying a green box. It had a substantial cylinder lock.

Stenzel opened it with a flat key attached to his watch chain and rummaged inside. He tossed out a pair of child's shoes, scuffed and wrinkled and stiff with age. Shoes such as would have been worn by an active boy of two. Followed a finely knit woolen cap smelling of camphor, a pair of small leather gloves lined with fur, a small leather legging. He laid beside them a red file envelope thick with legal documents. His search ended on a scrapbook of newspaper clippings. Yellow and brittle, their dates went back to the winter of 1914.

Springer Stenzel knew the subject matter of that scrapbook almost verbatim. Stories of another day—the tragedy of a family: the Holcumbs.

It was characteristic of Stenzel, when approaching the climax of a case, to review every line and weigh every shade of evidence. And this was to be his greatest triumph, the climax of climaxes.

He began at the first page of the scrapbook. It was pasted solidly with clippings from the New York newspapers of the afternoon of December 19, 1914. All told of the disappearance of Thomas Holcumb, aged two, practically under the eyes of his nurse. The nurse, Katherine Mallory, had stopped at a newsstand in Grand Central Station to buy magazines, the child, as she supposed, at her knee. When she looked up, young Thomas was not to be seen. She searched the immediate vicinity of the newsstand, then appealed to the police and telephoned James Holcumb, the father.

The terminal was combed inside and out from Forty-second Street to the farthest express platform on the lower level. The neighborhood was probed to its most private depths. No trace could be found of Tommy nor of any one who had seen him.

Springer Stenzel turned the page. While he scanned the clippings the back of his mind was active, scheming, planning, testing ahead the next steps in the structure he had been so carefully building for twenty years. He had told Tommy that tomorrow he would come into possession of five million dollars and a sister. Springer chuckled bleakly. Actually it would be ten million dol-

lars. As for the girl, Penelope Holcumb—Stenzel would be actively occupied with the problem of Penelope Holcumb within the next half hour.

The clippings which Stenzel next reviewed in his quiet rapid way confirmed the fears hinted at in the first stories. Tommy Holcumb had been kidnaped. The snatcher had sent a scrawled letter to Holcumb senior demanding payment of two hundred thousand dollars ransom.

As proof of his bona fides he enclosed with the letter a child's leather legging that was positively identified as having been worn by Tommy. Letter and legging were mailed from the general post office in Park Row.

And that was the last the Holcumb family ever heard directly or indirectly of Thomas Holcumb or his kidnaper. Half a million dollars was spent in the search, an army corps of investigators employed over the years. All leads ended in blank walls.

Then Stenzel made his dramatic revelation and laid his claims and proofs before the trustees and attorneys of the Holcumb estate six months before Penelope Holcumb was to come of age. They had been so strong, so complete, that the trustees had been forced to acknowledge Stenzel's Thomas Holcumb in spite of any private reservation they may have had regarding his sponsor.

THE next page of clippings seemed to be out of place in the collection. They recorded nothing whatever of the Holcumbs, but described instead the trial of one Railroad Wilson, felon, whom Stenzel had succeeded in getting off with a life sentence after his fifth killing. Wilson specialized in railway freight and express robberies, leavened with murder when any one got in his way.

"Railroad Wilson," Stenzel chuckled to himself with a glow bordering on affection. "No money for a lawyer, and a case against you as tight as the Hudson Tube. Knew the old Springer was the only lawyer smart enough to save you from the chair, didn't you? But no money—only information," Stenzel mused.

Stenzel's mind played for a moment with the vivid memory of that meeting with Wilson twenty years ago in the old Tombs. Wilson's quick, disjointed whisper, broken now and then by a fit of coughing; muffled words tumbling over themselves, pouring out the story of the Holcumb kidnaping. Concentrating on it rather than on the tale of his immediate crime because he knew his chance of getting Stenzel to defend him depended on the value the lawyer would set on his information.

Unlike most crooks, Railroad Wilson had stepped outside his specialty. He had been electrified with the idea of kidnaping for ransom in an age when the crime was a comparative novelty. He had watched the Holcumb family for months until that day in Grand Central, when Tommy, who had been ailing, had been brought to town by his nurse to consult a famous child specialist. Mrs. Holcumb, who had preceded them to town, was to meet them at the doctor's office.

Wilson, while he watched, had played the part of odd-job and handy man in the village of Bedford Ridge, some thirty miles from New York, where the Holcumb estate was located. He tailed Tommy and the nurse on the train to the city, and found his opportunity when the girl stopped at the newsstand. She was occupied with the magazines longer than she realized or afterward remembered. Tommy wandered away from her. He spied Wilson, who, having been employed as an extra man on the Holcumb estate from time to time, was no stranger to him. It was not difficult for Wilson to persuade the child to go with him "to find mommy."

Wilson took Tommy in the subway quite openly to the flat of old Mother Carick. Notorious underworld moll, Mother Carick would do anything, from providing an armor-plate alibi to hiding a yegg, if the price was right. She took charge of Tommy without question.

Wilson prepared the ransom note and mailed it along with the legging. He returned to Bedford Ridge. Three

days later he received an urgent summons from Mother Carick. The child was very ill.

In spite of everything they could do, Thomas Holcumb died the following day.

Lacking the nerve to go through with the ransom demand now that the child was dead, Railroad Wilson went back to Bedford Ridge. He continued to play his part of village handy man for another month, unsuspected and unmolested. Then he let it be known that the winter was getting too much for him and he was going to California for his health. Actually he submerged himself in the murky tide of the New York underworld.

He reappeared six months later in his old specialty. He was detected by a trainman red-handed in the act of breaking into an express car. He blackjacked the trainman to death but was caught before he could get away.

That was the "information" Railroad Wilson confided to Springer Stenzel in the Tombs in lieu of a fee. That and the hiding place of the bits of clothing belonging to Tommy Holcumb which Wilson had cached with the vague notion they might some day prove valuable.

He lived to serve only ten years of his life sentence. Mother Carick passed to her atonement without opening her grim lips. And Springer Stenzel became the only living person who knew the truth of the Holcumb case—a secret he now was about to convert into control of a ten-million-dollar estate.

Penelope Holcumb was born the year after Tommy Holcumb disappeared. The active finger of tragedy was withheld from the Holcumb family for six years. Then, in 1920, James Holcumb was killed in the Wall Street bomb explosion. Mrs. Holcumb became a recluse, shutting herself up with her daughter on the estate at Bedford Ridge, where she outlived her husband by only five years.

TOMORROW Penelope Holcumb would be twenty-one years old.

Stenzel reached for one of the telephones on his desk, a private wire that did not go through the office switchboard. He dialed a number.

"Hello!" he said. "Put Lorber on."

"Hello, Lorber," he said after a minute. "How do things shape?" He listened a while.

"Good!" he said. "It's tonight, then—as I told you. And I don't want any possibility of a slip-up. It's got to go through tonight. Understand? Got to! Otherwise—" He paused, listening again. "All right," he snapped. "See you do!" He hung up the phone.

The Springer washed his hands together. Lorber was Penny Holcumb's chauffeur. It had taken Stenzel two years to plant him in the household. Lorber's record was as black as a spade, but only Stenzel knew that, outside of Lorber.

Ten million dollars! He took a document from the file envelope. It was a copy of the will of James Holcumb: A life interest in five million dollars to the widow. The income of the balance of the estate to Penelope until she reached the age of twenty-one, when the residue was to go to her outright.

In the event that Thomas Holcumb was found before Penelope became of age, the income was to be divided equally between Penny and Tommy and the principal sum divided equally between them on her twenty-first birthday. In the event that Tommy was found and either he or Penny should predecease the other, the survivor was to receive both shares on the date of Penny's twenty-first birthday. At Mrs. Holcumb's death the five-million dollars in which she had a life interest was to revert to the estate.

It all boiled down to the point that tomorrow Penny Holcumb and Tommy Holcumb—both or one—would come into possession of the Holcumb millions. That is, Springer Stenzel's Tommy Holcumb. The boy he had been building up for twenty years, whose identity he had created step by step so that it could be irrefutably proved at the proper time. The child of about the real Tommy Holcumb's age whom the Springer had smuggled from England in the second year of the World War.

The boy who had been so adroitly passed from hand to hand as the Springer pulled the strings of his puppets,

leaving a bit of evidence here, a memory there: false but unbreakable affidavits, confessions, testimony, proof. All starting with the kidnaping by Railroad Wilson, the pass to Mother Carick. What could have happened, and most probably would have happened, had the real Thomas Holcumb lived.

That build-up, the great game of chess the Springer had been playing over the years, had become his hobby, his relaxation, his mania.

TOMMY stood on the broad native-stone steps of the Holcumb house in Bedford Ridge. He was coming to dine with Penny—just the two of them, she had said.

That was an experience Tommy ordinarily would have preferred to anything else. But lately it had not been so easy for him to meet Penny. The friendliness that had sprung up between them, almost from the day Stenzel had reached into the contractor's office where Tommy was employed as a junior construction engineer and set him on the stage as the missing heir to the Holcumb millions, had become constrained. He felt curiously fettered and ill at ease now when he was with Penny. And he sensed something of the same strain in Penny's attitude toward him.

"Good evening, Mr. Tommy," said Strong, the Holcumb butler, as he swung back the great oak door. "Miss Penny is in the library, sir."

Tommy hesitated in the doorway, feeling that invisible wall between Penny and himself almost as an actual physical barrier.

Penny looked up, welcoming warmth in her blue eyes.

"Hello, Tommy," she said. "You're just on the dot of cocktail-time."

Strong served cocktails, and they dined alone in a room whose walnut paneling matched the warm glints and tones of Penny's hair.

"I suppose after tomorrow," Penny said, "you'll give up all that foolishness about hanging on to your job and living in town. You'll have plenty to keep you busy looking after your own property without worrying about somebody else's. And anyhow, I've had your room fixed up for you here. If you'd rather not live here—"

"But I would rather, Penny," Tommy said. "It's only that things have been so darned hard to get used to. If you want me here—"

"That's why I had your room arranged," said Penny. "I think, as long as we're the last of the Holcumbs, it's no more than proper we live together. Until one of us gets married."

He offered her a cigarette. She took it and looked at him seriously. "There's another thing," she said. "We've never talked about it, but—well, I imagine you've been told about mother—"

Tommy nodded gently.

"She never got over the shock of father's death," Penny said—"coming on top of your disappearance."

Penny shivered a little.

"There was an old trunk," she said. "It was full of your things. Clothes and toys and spoons and a knife and fork and a silver cup. Things that people gave you when you were born and on your first and second birthdays. She kept that trunk in her room. She used to open it, sit beside it, talking to herself hour after hour, endlessly. No one else was allowed to touch it. At night she would lock up the trunk and put the key on a chain around her neck. After she died it was sent to the bank vault, locked up, just as she left it."

"Those things are yours, Tommy," she said. "I thought you might like to have them, so I sent for the trunk. It's in your room. Would you like to—open it?"

Tommy nodded uncomfortably. "Yes," he said.

He followed her up the staircase, a feeling of hopelessness dragging at his heels. All this was the final confirmation of the thing he had been dreading at the back of his mind. Confirmation that he *was* Tommy Holcumb. That Penny was his sister. That the wall between them was thick and high and insurmountable.

Penny opened a door to the right of the staircase and switched on the light inside. At the foot of a bed was a small dark trunk, its brass bindings and lock blackened by age.

Penny took a key from her handkerchief and unlocked the trunk. Tommy tilted back the lid. A white sheet carefully folded and tucked in around all four sides protected and concealed the contents.

Inside the trunk was a neatly arranged layer of flat bundles wrapped in maroon-colored flannel.

Penny lifted one out and unrolled it. Inside was a row of pockets holding silver spoons. Followed more spoons, then a silver knife-and-fork set, all dull with the tarnish of years. She set them in the lid of the trunk and reached for a more bulky package bagged in maroon flannel. She untied the strings and took out a child's silver cup. She balanced it on her palm, holding it out to him.

"Your drinking cup, Tommy," said Penny, with the hint of a break in her voice. "I understand it was your most prized possession."

Tommy looked into her eyes. Then, instead of taking the cup, his big hand came up under hers, his finger and thumb clasped around her wrist.

"It isn't my cup, Penny!" he cried. "It isn't my cup. I'm not Thomas Holcumb. I can't be!" In his words were all the doubt, rebellion, and final conviction that had been growing in him since Stenzel first told him he was the missing Tommy Holcumb. He couldn't be!

The cup toppled from Penny's palm back into the trunk as Tommy's arms went around her. "I love you," he said. "I love you."

"My dear," she murmured. "Oh, my dear!"

At length she slipped out of his arms. "What are we going to do, Tommy?" she said. "What are we going to do?"

She turned back to the trunk, wrapping up the silver, putting the cup in its bag. Tommy watched her miserably. Somehow, now that she had put it away, and although he knew it wasn't his, the cup held a strange interest, a queer morbid lure for him.

Mechanically Penny closed the lid of the trunk. She stood up.

"I don't know, Penny," Tommy said, answering her question. "I just don't know. Only, I do know I'm not Tommy Holcumb. I can't be! In spite of everything Stenzel says."

Penny looked at him with the life drained out of her eyes.

"No," she said. "No, you're not Tommy Holcumb—but you are! I don't feel you're Tommy Holcumb, either. But—what can we do about our feelings?"

Tommy said: "Heaven knows! I guess I'd better be getting back to town. Maybe I can figure something out."

"No," Penny said. "Sleep here tonight. This has got me, Tommy. I don't want to stay here alone. We'll drive to town together in the morning."

Tommy said: "All right—if my staying will help any. My car's parked in the drive."

Penny said: "That will be all right. Strong will leave a note for Lorber to drive it into the garage when he comes in. This is Lorber's day off. He'll be getting home around midnight, I expect."

Tommy nodded.

Penny put out her hand. "Good night," she said. "I hope you get some sleep, my dear."

"That's a lot to expect, I guess," he said ruefully.

Tommy watched her cross the hall to her room. Then he stripped off his coat, vest, collar, and tie, turned out the light and sat down to think.

Well, he'd certainly made a mess of things! If only he hadn't let his feelings get away from him! But then, he hadn't fathomed his feelings until that moment. He knew now!—and felt gripped by a sudden white rage. He wasn't Tommy Holcumb! There was some mad slip of fate that had caught Penny and himself. In love with his own sister and she with him! He laughed grimly.

All the devils of memory came back to taunt him. The frequent moves from city to city with the silent, undemonstrative couple he had called mother and father from earliest memory. Their sudden disappearance from his life when he was taken in charge by a funny garrulous little man who talked a lot but never said anything,

a man he identified as uncle. Going away to school and then college: Tommy Wilson, a bit of a mystery to every one, including himself. He knew the belief prevailed at school and college that he was the left-handed offspring of some well-to-do family. He had come to believe it himself. Then Stenzel. Stenzel with his incredible story that he was the long missing Tommy Holcumb and his string of proofs that dovetailed so exactly with his own memories. He must be Tommy Holcumb! But then what? What about Penny?

Sitting there in the chair, going back and forth over the same ground, Tommy felt his mind slipping away, losing the power of co-ordinated thinking, going blank. His last thought was of something that seemed to gleam and shine just beyond his reach. The cup.

TOMMY fought desperately against an urgent summons to consciousness. He didn't want to wake up, but there was something forcing him back to reality.

Suddenly he was aware of an odor in the air. Smoke! He went to his door and opened it. A night light burned on a table in the hall. The odor of smoke was more pronounced.

He hesitated a moment. Then he crossed to Penny's door and rapped.

There was no answer. He called. Then he tried the door. It was locked.

He stepped back and threw his weight against it. One panel splintered and split. He finished it with his fist, reached in and turned the key.

The room was in flames, crackling around the windows, curling up from the baseboards, licking across a rug.

He found Penny crumpled up beside the bed, unconscious. He bundled her in a blanket. Then he picked her up and headed for the stairs. From the look of the room it would not be long before the huge old frame house would be a torch for the countryside.

He carried Penny downstairs. As he opened the big front door she stirred in his arms. At the same time he was sensible of a peculiar sweetish odor. Chloroform!

Penny slipped from his arms and stood up. "What's the matter?" she said. "What happened?"

"Fire," answered Tommy. "Your room's ablaze. Afraid it'll take the whole house. Are you all right?"

"Yes," said Penny. "Yes. But—"

"Wait!" he said.

He darted back into the house and up the stairs. Already fingers of flame were darting from the upper steps. But there was something he had to do, regardless of the risk.

Something more important even than life.

SPRINGER STENZEL walked up and down his big office with quick short steps. The morning papers were spread untidily across the big mahogany table-desk.

All were open to the same story. The burglary and burning of the Holcumb house at Bedford Ridge.

"Lorber, you fool!" Stenzel stormed to himself. "You clumsy fool! Half my plans ruined!"

He looked at his watch. Ten minutes to eleven. The others would be there in ten minutes. It would be quite a different scene from the one he had planned, with different lines and different business. The Springer chuckled his bleak chuckle. Well, half a loaf was better than none. There was still Tommy's five million. Somehow he'd contrive to make it pay double, if only because Tommy's unexpected presence in the house last night had helped to wreck his plans.

He rang for his clerk. "Clear these out," he said, indicating the papers.

Stenzel sat down in the big high-backed armchair behind his desk, relaxing, taking it easy, resting his mind for any battle of wits and wills the meeting might provoke.

Presently a buzzer sounded under his desk. Stenzel straightened himself in his chair.

Penny came into the room, followed by John Walcott, attorney and trustee for the Holcumb estate. After him



A. D. MORFORD

"broke into print to earn a living" at 17, cub-reporting in Buffalo, then reporting for a San Francisco paper. After that he became an advertising man and, on the side, a well received short-story writer. Hobby: "a bungalow surrounded by forty acres of Connecticut hillside."

came Thompson of the Hudson Trust Company, the other trustee. Penny looked wan and listless.

Stenzel consulted his watch again. "We may as well wait a few minutes," he said. "My client, Mr. Thomas Holcumb, should be here."

The buzzer sounded again. Tommy came in, accompanied by two men. A sudden current tingled through Stenzel's nerves as he saw the men with Tommy. His eyes bored into Tommy's, trying to read his mind.

"Captain Marks and Detective Gordon from police headquarters," Tommy introduced them quietly.

"Yes," said Stenzel, a stiff smile covering the chaos in his mind. "I know these gentlemen."

Stenzel stated only the simple truth. Marks and Gordon had faced him from the witness stand more times than any of them could remember. Hostile witnesses. Witnesses for the prosecution.

"But," added Stenzel, "I don't understand what these gentlemen—"

"They're friends of mine, Mr. Stenzel," Tommy said. "They've just worked out a problem for me. A matter of identification." Tommy nodded to the men from headquarters. "Explain it, will you, captain?" he said.

Captain Marks untied the string of a large manila envelope, sliding out two photographic prints. Gordon laid a square pasteboard box of a size that would hold a large orange beside the prints.

"Open it," said Marks.

Penny came and stood beside Tommy. Her arm crept through his, tense and trembling.

Marks began to speak. "See this set of fingerprints on this photograph marked A?" he said. "Well, those prints were made by a kid about two years old. They're plenty plain for anybody to make 'em out."

"And see this set here marked B?" He held up another photograph. "They're adult prints made by this gentleman here." Captain Marks nodded toward Tommy. "If both sets were from the same party they'd be identical, except for the difference in size between the child and the adult. But they're not. They're as different as noon and midnight."

"I don't have to tell you, Stenzel, that no two sets of fingerprints are alike." Marks paused. "Your prints are you," he added. "You're born with them. You live and die with the same set of ridges on your finger tips that make the prints. They never change."

Stenzel chuckled his bleak chuckle.

"All very interesting," he said, "but these prints don't prove he is not Tommy Holcumb. They didn't fingerprint babies in those days, not even the wealthy ones."

Tommy leaned across the table. "There," he said, "is where you're wrong. Tell him, captain."

Marks carefully lifted the silver cup from its packing in the pasteboard box.

"We photographed the prints of the child from this cup," he said. "They'd been there a long time. The cup is dark with tarnish—but more so in some places than

others. Fingerprints are made by the body salts and oils coming out of the sweat glands on the ridges. The salts and oils from that child's fingers affected the tarnishing of the silver in certain spots. The tarnish actually developed and held the prints."

Walcott turned to Thompson, the other trustee, and whispered to him urgently. Thompson nodded.

Walcott cleared his throat. "It can be shown and proved," he said, "that that silver cup was never in the hands of any child other than Thomas Holcumb. The trustees will ask the court for instructions." He paused. "However, Stenzel," he added, "I think you will agree that, in the light of this evidence, only one settlement is possible."

Stenzel's face lost the power to hide his emotion for the first time in forty years. Rage and impotence brought out the lines that made him look his age at last.

"You crazy young fool!" he snarled at Tommy. "Five million dollars out the window." He was chalk-white; his hands trembled. "Now get out!" he said. "Get out!"

PENNY and Tommy rode uptown together in a taxi. "Now I understand why you disappeared so suddenly last night," she said. "And why you risked your life to go back into the house."

"Figured I'd have to work fast," said Tommy. "The real hunch about the cup and the fingerprints only came to me while I was carrying you downstairs. Then I had to get the cup. I drove into town and routed Captain Marks out of bed. I had to know, for the meeting this morning."

"What about Stenzel?" she asked. "Somebody got into my room last night. In and out through the window, I guess, because you found my door locked—and I didn't lock it. It would be easy, with all the ladders around the place. I remember waking up. I tried to call out, but there was a hand around my throat choking me, and a pad full of chloroform over my nose and mouth."

"We can't prove a thing against Stenzel," Tommy said. "Whether he had anything to do with that we'll never know. As for the rest of it, he'll just plead an honest mistake. But it's my guess that, after all his build-up and ballyhoo, he'll be discredited for good by the time the newspapers get through with the story."

Followed an interval of silence, when the taxi stopped for a red light.

"Where can I drop you off?" Tommy asked, elaborately casual.

"Drop me off?" said Penny. "What do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"Back to work," said Tommy, studying the taxi driver's neckline intently.

Penny laughed a tinkling laugh. "Idiot!" she said softly.

Blithely the miles unrolled behind the taxi as the meter clicked unheeded its song of time and space, of silver dimes and paper dollars.

THE END

QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo is of a Winter Garden star who made musical-picture history with jazz singing and knee-bending. He's married to one of the late Tex Guinan's girls. Who?

2—If oka is a kind of Canadian cheese, what is okra?

3—Who wrote The Winning of Barbara Worth?

4—If Washington's profile is on the U. S. red two-cent stamp, whose head appears on the United States purple three-cent stamp?

5—Who composed music for the songs, Take Me Out to the Ball Game, Dapper Dan, and Roll Along, Prairie Moon?

6—Most Panama hats are made where?

7—Who was England's first labor Prime Minister?

8—Denmark was the thirty-sixth nation to recognize what?

9—Who is the favorite child of Mr. and Mrs. George Temple?

10—What Negro contender did Dempsey decline to fight?

11—An orthoëpist is an authority on what art?

12—Who said, "I had rather be right than be President"?

13—What was the name of the Pacific Ocean in the days of Cortes and Cabrillo?

14—Who is the missing fourth of the four Marx Brothers?

15—What was Van Gogh's most personal gift to a young woman?

16—Which of the United States is the Panhandle State?

17—Why is a covering of salt found to be fatal to a snail?

18—Who were the three sons of Noah?

19—Do deserts have ships?

20—What actress toured Europe with a leader without an orchestra?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

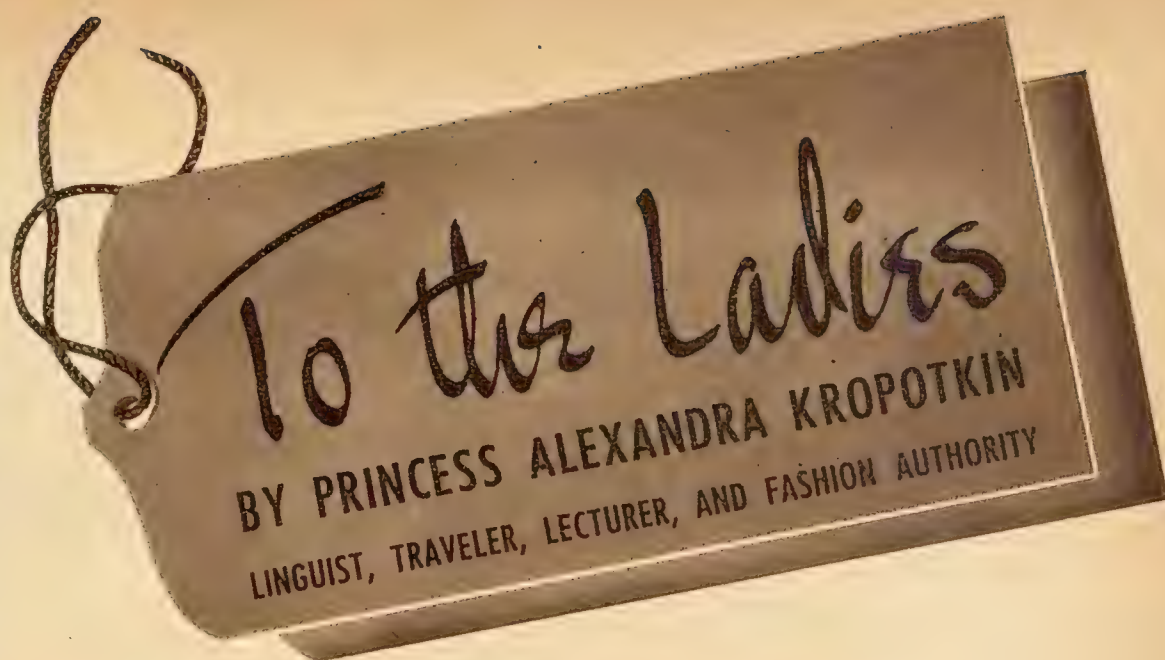
MARCIA CONNOR is the lady who rules the fashion roost for the New York World's Fair of 1939. She settles every argument concerning costumes, uniforms, decorative badges, and the like. Already she has a masculine problem on her hands. Each male official clamors to be the first possessor of a World's Fair shirt. . . . Yet they say *women* are clothes-crazy!

Talking with Marcia, I asked what sartorial novelties we can expect to see. . . . "Raincoats," she said, "with World's Fair maps all over them. Printed linens reproducing designs of the Fair buildings. Sandals, tablecloths, scarves. Window curtains showing photographic views of the Fair grounds." . . . I asked about uniforms. . . . "There will be about twenty different uniforms," Marcia told me, "for girls working on different jobs at the Fair. We've had trouble experimenting with materials. All uniforms must be tough enough to stand up under a weekly trip to the cleaner's. The shirtwaist dress, very simply tailored, seems to be the most universally becoming style."

A vivid blue will be the predominating color note for uniforms. Girl guides will wear blue dresses, orange belts, gold badge pins. No decision, so far, about hats.

★ A nice thing about adventure is the fact that it sometimes can be enjoyed secondhand by people who never have any of their own. . . . In the middle of a night last month, during a wild storm from the sea, came a desperate knocking at the door of the cottage occupied by two friends of mine, an elderly sister and brother, spinster and bachelor. . . . The late intruders were a bedraggled young couple, girl and boy, cast up on the beach in a half-wrecked sailboat. My friends took them in. The spinster says, "I undressed the girl, wrapped her in hot blankets, and put her to bed. She went to sleep like a baby." The bachelor brother says, "I fed the boy three enormous breakfasts—*three*, one after another; and he wolfed down every bite." . . . To the youngsters, the night's adventure probably will amount to nothing more than an occasional laugh in memory. . . . But to my friends, the spinster and bachelor, it always will be an unforgettable escape in which they shared.

★ On Broadway—of all places!—I have just learned a sterling strategy in the grim old game of housework. John C. Hart, dresser and backstage housekeeper for such stars as Noel Coward, Brian Aherne, Henry Fonda, etc., has told me *how to wash dishes quietly*. . . . "Actors are nervous," he said. "They want their



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

dishes washed but they can't stand any noise. I lay a kitchen towel on the drainboard; wash no more than six pieces at a time; clean, drain, and dry them before starting the next six." . . . A good tip for all of us who try to entertain gracefully in dining rooms close to our kitchens.

★ A new book, *Made on Earth*, offers good reading to those of you who open both eyes—romantic and practical—when you look at marriage. (Edited by Hugh Kingsmill; published by Harper & Brothers.)

★ Winged jewelry now, dignified by the scholarship of Latin names—*Heliconius Phillis*; *Eupitea Claudia*; *Limenitis Sybilla*—scientific names of real butterflies mounted as brooches, hair ornaments, clips, etc., through the new process invented by Karl Deubel, New Jersey entomologist. The butterflies come from every-

where—even from Devil's Island, collected by French prisoners there. . . . Rarest and costliest is the *Ornithoptera Alexandra* (no relation to me!), a black-and-gold beauty with a seven- to eight-inch wing spread, caught only in tropical New Guinea and retailed here at about \$45. Least expensive is the cabbage butterfly—white with two black spots—selling for around \$1.75. Others at intermediate prices make gorgeous gifts. It is stylish to have the heels of your evening slippers surfaced with butterfly wings and wear a matching butterfly pin.

★ For Sunday supper on a cool autumn evening, my New England friends tell me there is nothing to compare with a big hot dish of apple pandowdy. Make it like this: . . . Use 12 apples. Peel, core, and cut each apple into eight pieces. Soak 15 minutes in cold water with 1 teaspoon lemon juice. To the apples add 2½ cups molasses, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon mace. Place in shallow buttered baking dish; cover with piecrust; bake 50 minutes in moderate oven. When slightly cooled, break crust with a fork and stir together with apple. Simmer 10 minutes more, then serve hot with rich cream.

★ Out shopping, I saw a lady bump by accident into a little girl of about seven. Was surprised to hear the lady say, "I beg your pardon," in the same politely serious voice she would have used toward a grown-up. Then, as I thought the incident over, *my surprise surprised me*. . . . Why should I find it unusual to hear a grown-up apologize to a child with common courtesy instead of cooing condescension? I had to wonder if we are generally as polite to children as we expect them to be to us.



"Do we buy Lithuanian goods, dear?"

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BETTY LOU BARRIE didn't need to be a pioneer. Her sawed-off friend Charlie McCarthy had already sold the world on that newest thing in the radio skies—the phantom star. Nevertheless, as a radio personality, Betty Lou, the child without a body, is actually four years older than Charlie.

I don't suppose this matter of priority means a great deal to either of them, but deep down in the heart of Betty's handsome creator, "Mr. Tommy" Riggs, it gives a great deal of understandable satisfaction. For Tommy's act, following his friend Bergen's so quickly to the national networks, and as a "fill-in" on the same program, was dismissed by many as a rank imitation, although Betty and Tommy's millions of admirers in the Middle West knew better than that.

It would be most unfair to both of these splendid artists, Edgar Bergen and Tommy Riggs, to suggest that either was the imitator of the other. For one thing, they don't work in the same medium. Bergen, as everybody knows, is a ventriloquist. No ventriloquist could do what Tommy Riggs does with no ventriloquial gifts whatsoever. On the other hand, Tommy couldn't, to save his neck, do what Edgar Bergen does.

Sentimentalists are always writing Tommy: "I think you should have a cute little girl doll apparently doing the talking," or "Why don't you get a nice little dummy, a mate for Charlie?" Tommy could get the doll. He could learn to manipulate the dummy's lips. But he couldn't keep his own lips still or "throw" his voice to create the illusion that Betty was talking and not he. And no one who has ever *seen* him do his wonderful act would wish him to do so.

Tommy's gift is just as individual as Edgar's, perhaps more so. He was born with a double-register voice. We are all born with the high-register tones, and most of us exchange them during adolescence for low-register ones. We say that our voices have changed. Well, Tommy's voice changed all right, from a childish treble to a deep baritone; but through some trick of nature he acquired his new tones without throwing away the old.

This phenomenon in itself is not so rare. We all know low-voiced men who suddenly burst into a squeaky soprano. Roosevelt the First was a notable example. No one, least of all Teddy, knew when he was going to do a Melba. That is the point: Teddy didn't know, but Tommy does. His voice changes always at his command. He can turn his little girl on or off at will.

"My pet aversions," he says, "are people who insist I'm a ventriloquist, and my idea of nothing to do is explaining to them that I'm not!"

Tommy first discovered that he had a little girl in his voice cords when he was himself a child. You can be sure that he kept mighty quiet about it back in the Pittsburgh days—he was born there, the son of the superintendent of a steel mill, October 21, 1908—especially when the gang got together for a swim in the Monongahela or a workout on the Edgewater High School gridiron.

The husky youngster was a good man carrying the ball. He played not only for Edgewater, but later for Brown University and Ohio State. By the time he got to Brown, he had acquired sufficient poise not to be ashamed of his unusual vocal gift. After all, a varsity football man—and no mean boxer on the side, as the records show—was not in danger of being called a sissy! So he occasionally enjoyed himself no end by introducing the then unchristened Betty Lou into the Athletic Association locker rooms and creating consternation among the modest young Apollos enjoying their shower baths and rubdowns.

Undergraduate Riggs also excelled in banging the ivories and pursuing the elusive barbershop chord. He



How a young man named Riggs found an invisible lady—and the way to fame and fortune

was commandeered every spring to do his bit in the college show. Finally he and another lad crashed the local radio station as a song-and-patter duo called the Crazy Pair. But in neither of these early histrionic adventures did it occur to him to use his "other voice."

After graduation, his father set Tommy up in the dairy business; but his love of the theater drew him behind the scenes of a local vaudeville house. He sang, played the piano, dispensed light comedy, and acted as master of ceremonies. Then, inevitably, came another try at radio—but still without any intention of using his "other voice."

Betty, the future broadcasting star, was born, like broadcasting itself, in Station KDKA in Pittsburgh.

One morning in 1932, Tommy was sitting in the studio running over his piano routine, and was

having a heck of a time getting going. His fingers had suddenly become thumbs. Finally he gave vent to some very unladylike profanity in the high-register tones which he invariably used for this purpose. It hadn't occurred to him that he was on the air.

Suddenly the studio manager, white at both gills, came rushing out of the control room.

"Where's that little girl I just heard over the mike?" he demanded. "She was swearing!"

"Was she?" answered Tommy, still in the voice of the child without a body.

The manager looked at him in amazement. Then he made him repeat the cuss words. Finally the little girl who is heard but not seen sang Sweetie Pie.

"Boy!" cried the manager. "You've got something there!"

Two days of rehearsing—and KDKA's new program, Uncle Tom and Betty, was on the air.

But—and this was undoubtedly what cost Tommy Riggs an easy victory on the national hook-ups in the Radio-Illusion Priority Stakes—the studio did *not* disclose the fact that Uncle Tom and Betty were one and the same person. The routine was about the same that Tommy is using now, but the novelty appeal was lacking.

As a straight man-and-girl act—of which, the good

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS



Betty Lou - and - Mr. Tommy (at mike) and candid-cameraman Vallee.

Lord knows, there were plenty on the air!—

Uncle Tom and Betty went over very well in Pittsburgh.

So well, in fact, that an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children actually came to the studio to cause the arrest, under the child-labor laws, of the Simon Legree who was making a five-year-old child work at eleven o'clock in the evening!

Six years of radio barnstorming followed. The independent stations liked the act but couldn't pay much of anything for it. One of the big New York networks had it for a time but buried it on a sustaining program at 8.30 A. M. Finally, drifting back to Ohio, Tommy Riggs dug in for fairly long runs at WTAM in Cleveland and WLW in Cincinnati.

It was while Tommy and Betty were playing the latter city that the popular radio entertainer known as Singing Sam caught the act and fairly burned up the wires to his managers in New York. A representative of the firm took a train to Cincinnati, heard the Sunday-night broadcast, got Tommy and his vest-pocket prima donna on to a Monday train for New York, and auditioned them Tuesday afternoon for a spot on the Vallee program.

The act opened with Rudy Thursday night.

Rudy not only was too good a showman to conceal the nature of the performance he was presenting but was wise enough to add the Lou to Betty's name to distinguish her from the many other Bettys. Later, when the inquiries for the child's full name rolled in, he added the Barrie. And then Mr. Riggs received the following penciled note:

Mr. Tommy:

I am 10 years old. I listen to your program and wondered how you chose a name like mine. I have light hair and gray blue eyes. I wish you would talk to me over the radio. I am very small for my age.

Yours truly,

BETTY LOU BERRIE.

P. S. I live with my uncle Tommy McNally.

In spite of Mr. Vallee's meticulous care with his explanations, a large portion of the public still refuse to believe that Betty is not a real child.

Her fan mail is enormous. The presents she receives include toys, dresses, hair ribbons. Every day brings requests to Betty for her photograph or to Tommy and Betty for theirs. Tommy's own mail abounds in postscripts like this one:

"Best wishes to the little lady we all love."

The famous meeting of Betty and Charlie McCarthy on the Vallee Anniversary Program in Hollywood did more than anything else to get over the real situation to the general public. You remember how Charlie turned on Betty the familiar technique that Bill Fields formerly used on him—he just couldn't "see" her at all—and, such is Charlie's influential position at the moment, peo-

ple believed him who had refused to believe Mr. Vallee.

"You sure had the people fooled," wrote one woman. "I always thought Betty Lou was a real little girl until your meeting with Charlie McCarthy."

"The joke is on me," wrote another, "and on many more people, too."

The children, of course, are the real die-hards. They just cannot believe that Betty Lou is not one of them. They still write to her in good faith. And for that matter, when Tommy went to Hollywood to make a movie, the picture company planned for two stand-ins, one for him and one for Betty!

Gradually, however, listeners are accustoming themselves to the thought that "Mr. Tommy" and Betty are one, and, as Rudy Vallee shrewdly figured, find themselves liking the idea. After all, there are plenty of little girls on the air but only one he-man who can at will speak and sing like one.

Mr. Riggs said nothing while all the conjecturing was going on; but when manufacturers of dolls and concocters of comic strips pressed for something to guide them, he volunteered that Betty was about seven and a half years old—which she is—and that he personally rather favored blonde curly hair and blue eyes.

As we have seen already, Betty was conceived while Tommy Riggs was in college and born very soon thereafter. Tommy is married now to a very charming young woman who is as much interested in children as he is, and although Betty Lou hasn't any real-life brothers and sisters as yet, he and Mary talk over each broadcast. Undoubtedly Mary supplies out of her own memories much of Tommy's little-girl philosophy.

Obviously, however, he knows a few things about little girls himself! Especially in matters of taste, he has a quick sense of what Betty should and should not do. The boys around the studio are always suggesting gags of the well known catch-as-catch-can variety, but Tommy shakes his head with: "Betty Lou wouldn't say that," or "Betty Lou doesn't think that way."

Betty's jokes are, nearly all, the pink of propriety because she has to think of her churchgoing public. "I always hurry home from prayer meeting so that I may hear you," one listener wrote. Another: "I am an old lady, seventy-five years old, who depends upon the radio for much of life's pleasures, and I assure you Betty Lou contributes many 'bunches' of that pleasure."

And among men of all ages: "Oh, my husband did enjoy listening to you tonight!" And, of course, among the kiddies: "I am twelve years old and enjoy her very much even though I know she is not real. I wonder if you would have Betty Lou sing Sweetie Pie for me."

For this well-nigh universal audience Mr. Riggs prepares a carefully worked out combination of sweetness and impishness which seems to please all hands.

Between broadcasts Tommy writes a bit of music. Two of his songs, Our Dreams Come True and Mary Lou, have had some success on the air.

He loves children, and both he and Mary hope that they won't always find themselves concentrating on a phantom child.

Meanwhile they have indulged in an infant cocker spaniel. And it has proved *some* indulgence! Rudy Vallee—that's what they call the puppy—has already cost them \$304 in rugs, furniture, and drapes. But aside from Rudy—the dog, I mean—Tommy Riggs hasn't a trouble in the world.

Why should he have? He has Mary in the home and Betty in the throat and money in the bank—and he's only twenty-nine!

THE END

THE GOOD

The poignant, searching story of what
one man saw in the eyes of two women

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

JOE STARBUCK caught the five twenty at the last moment and, puffing a little, shouldered his way into the smoking car.

"Hi, Joe!" one man called.

"How're you, sport!" shouted another.

And a third tried to drag him into a bridge game.

Joe answered all salutations with his beaming smile and a wave of his large hand. Not for a moment would you have thought he was worried and frightened. But he did not sit down with the men who invited him. He didn't want to play bridge. Not tonight. He wanted to sit alone and think things over. He was in a jam.

At the very rear of the car he found an unoccupied seat and he took it and hid himself behind his newspaper as if absorbed in it. But even the headlines blurred before him. For he was wondering what he'd say to Millie, his wife. How was he going to explain things to her? He realized he'd have to throw himself on her mercy. And it wasn't a pleasant thought.

Well, anyway, he reflected with somber satisfaction, he'd done the right thing by Millie. Eight years ago. He'd married her, hadn't he? And now for eight years Millie had been his good and faithful wife, and little Joe was almost eight, too.

Little Joe was a fine kid. A little too delicate and thoughtful for big Joe's taste, but still 'n' all as smart as they come. "Yeh, always first in his class," Joe bragged to the boys. "I got to admit I don't know where he gets his brains. All I can remember of my school days is that I was a holy terror."

"Well, you're still a terror, Joe," one of the boys said, "although I can't say you're any too holy."

"That's a good one. That's a nifty," Joe said, slapping his thigh and throwing back his head to laugh his great booming laugh. "That's worth another round of drinks. What'll it be, boys? Same all around?"

And again the boys agreed among themselves what a good sport Joe was. They didn't come any better than good old Joe. Joe, overhearing them while pretending he didn't, basked in their admiration.

Joe was the star salesman of the Pitex Machinery Company. He didn't have to travel. It was his job to entertain important buyers when they came to New York. Joe was good at it. In fact, he was ideal.

When he and Millie had first married they'd had an apartment downtown in New York near Washington Square; but when little Joe was three or so Joe had suggested moving to the suburbs. Joe, like everybody else at that time, had had to take a cut or two in salary.

"We really got to economize, Mil," Joe had said.

So Joe and Millie had rented a little house in Silver Brook. The rent was just half that of their New York apartment. It was small but had every modern convenience.

"You see, Mil, I don't think you'll even need Esmeralda. Look at this new washing machine. The clothes almost wash themselves, the feller said. Do you think you could manage by yourself?"

"I'll manage," Mil had said, "if it's necessary."

That had been five years ago and Joe's salary cuts had been restored long since but he hadn't told Millie. At the time of the first raise or restoration of salary, or



SPORT

whatever you'd call it, he was paying for his new Continental Breeze, a much finer car than he'd ever owned, and he was saving money, wasn't he, by driving himself to town that spring with the weather so nice and everything? It left Millie a little stranded without the car, because all of the stores were a mile or so away from the small house; but she could telephone for things. And he hadn't told her when he received a second increase because—well, try as he would, he couldn't seem to cut down his personal expenses. The firm expected him to look superlatively well dressed and always have plenty of jack in his jeans. Expense accounts didn't cover everything.

Millie had been a stenographer with the Pitex Machinery Company. That's how Joe had met her. She'd been a pretty little thing in those days, with a sort of wildflower look about her. But she'd been quite reserved. Refined, too, talking of books, music, things like that. When, half jokingly, Joe had first invited her out to

ILLUSTRATED BY KIRK WILSON

Joe turned and saw Susy La Rue standing in the doorway. She gave him a sullen glance and said, "I heard you! Don't yell at her on account of me."



dinner, you could have knocked him over with a feather when she'd accepted. He guessed she was lonely, poor kid. Well, one thing had led to another and—well, he'd married her, hadn't he?

And marriage had changed Mil. Or maybe it was the kid. She'd settled down like a lump. The wild-flower look had vanished, and now Joe sometimes thought she wasn't even pretty any more. She always dressed so quiet, too—dark gray or blue or black—never a bright yellow or red like he liked.

Also, she and little Joe clung together as if they meant everything to each other, while he was like a big bogeyman left standing on the outside looking in. As soon as young Joe was a little older, Joe decided, he'd tell him a few things. And still later he'd take him out and show him what it was all about.

Anyway, long since, Joe had decided he liked a girl with more zip and go to her; one who liked a good time occasionally just like he did—the sky the limit.

More and more Joe Starbuck stayed in town nights, stopping at the hotel where he'd engaged a room by the week. He told Mil he had to because it was his job to entertain these here buyers from out of town, and, good grief, those babies never wanted to go to bed once they struck the big town!

The conductor called, "Silver Brook!" and Joe came to with a start. He realized that he hadn't even decided what he was going to say to Mil. And how he could say it. Yeh, he was in a jam all right, and this was almost the worst part of it—telling Mil, asking for her help.

HE had not telephoned her he was coming home, and his fine new car was in the garage at home. No use keeping it in town in winter and paying garage expenses, although he missed it now and then. So Joe took a cab from the station to his house. The cab fare was only fifty cents, but Joe handed the driver a dollar bill and with a wave of his hand said, "Keep the change, buddy!" Joe was like that!

The front door was unlocked, and when Joe burst in he found Mil and the boy sitting on the couch in the living room. Mil had her arm around little Joe's shoulders and they were huddled over a book. At his entrance they both looked up, their eyes round, and stared at him as if he were a stranger and his home-coming an intrusion.

"H'lo, Mil," he said affably. "H'lo, Joe. How are you, folks?" and touched Mil's cheek with his full red lips.

"Joey and I had an early supper," Mil said in her quiet steady way. "If I'd known you were coming—"

"Well, don't bother," he said, disappointed, for he was ravenous. "Got the makings of a cocktail around?" He wanted a drink badly.

"No," said Mil; "you used up the last of that bottle of gin Sunday when you were home. Remember?"

"Yeh, I guess that's right," he said heavily.

"If I'd known you were coming, I'd have had a nice thick steak with onions, the way you like it," Mil went on. "Oh, by the way, Joe, did you forget to pay that butcher's bill? He's been a little nasty lately."

"Yeh, I guess I forgot," Joe admitted. "I'll fix it up in the morning sure."

"Joey and I had creamed chipped beef on toast," Mil said. "It was so good we ate all of it. But how about some bacon and eggs and toast and coffee, Joe?"

"That would be fine and dandy, Mil," Joe said enthusiastically. "Scramble the eggs. There's nobody can scramble eggs like you, Mil."

Again she looked at him in her quiet way and a tiny smile seemed to flicker on her lips, but without saying anything further she walked toward the kitchen.

The boy got up to follow her, but Joe detained him with one large hand upon little Joe's thin shoulder.

"What's the hurry, kid?" he asked. "You and I ain't seen each other in a long time. We ought to have a nice friendly get-together. How's school?"

"O. K.," said the boy, squirming.

"You and me ought to get together in the big town some day," said Joe Starbuck. "Have lunch, take in a show. Soon as I can get the time. How'd that suit you?"

"Mummy too?" little Joe asked.

"Well, I don't know," Joe said. "Fellers ought to

get together once in a while without the womenfolks. You know!" His grin faltered before the boy's wide gaze.

There did not seem to be much to say after that. "Well, run along and help your ma if you want to," the father said with relief. "Always help your mother all you can."

And little Joe fled.

For a kid who's supposed to be so smart, he acts mighty dumb at times, Joe Starbuck thought, and he went to the fireplace and stood there, his elbow on the mantel, and again he tried to decide how he'd put his problem to Millie and tried to select the words in which he'd phrase it. "Look here, Mil! I got to tell you something and I know it'll be a shock to you; but, good grief, Mil, you got to understand a man's human and—"

Well, he'd have to wait until the boy was in bed and Mil had kissed him good night like she always did, and then had come downstairs again and settled herself on the couch with her mending that she always seemed to be doing, and then he'd sit down beside her and—

Mil interrupted his thoughts by calling, "All ready, Joe! Do you mind eating in the kitchen?"

"I should say not!" he called back. "It won't be the first time I've eaten in the kitchen."

There was a big platter of scrambled eggs and crisp bacon steaming and smelling wonderful, and a mound of nice brown toast oozing with dabs of yellow butter.

Joe pulled out his chair and sat down, tucking his napkin under his chin. "Boy-oh-boy-oh-boy!" he exclaimed. "I guess that feller who said there's no place like home was right, all right."

Little Joe was standing by the sink, gazing at the food wistfully, and big Joe poked a fork at the platter. "Sit down, feller," he said, "and eat with me. There's more here than I want."

The boy, however, shook his head. "No—no, thanks," he said. "Mummy said she didn't know whether that was enough to satisfy you or not."

"Here, Joey," Mil said hastily, "I'll spread one of these pieces of toast with marmalade for you."

Joe Starbuck ate every last bit of food, mopping up his plate with a fragment of toast. Why, he'd almost been able to forget what had brought him home!

Mil gathered up the dishes, washed them, and set them in a rack to dry, and the father, mother, and son returned to the living room, where Mil and the boy settled down on the couch again over their book.

Joe threw himself into the big easy chair, lighted a fat cigar, and picked up the newspaper which he had not been able to read on the train. But he wasn't able to read it now either. Over the top of the page he peered at his wife and son, there so quiet on the couch, so close together, the mother asking questions, the son answering in low and subdued voices, and once more Joe Starbuck felt a stranger here.

FINALLY he looked at his watch. It was almost half past eight.

"Isn't it time he went to bed?" he asked.

"Yes; you'd better go, Joey," said his mother.

"Oh, mom!" the boy protested. "You said you'd help me finish my arithmetic."

"You have it almost finished, Joey. He received A in arithmetic, Joe."

"That's fine!" said his father. "Here, Joe. Here's a quarter. You deserve that."

The boy rose reluctantly and took the quarter from his father's hand.

"What do you say, Joey?" asked his mother.

"Th-thanks," said the boy, as if he were ashamed.

"Now you have enough to get a new roll of film for your camera," his mother said.

"Yes," and Joey's face lighted with sudden animation. "And, oh, mom!"—but then he looked at his father and said nothing more.

"Now, Joey, you'd better go to bed."

At last he went off, slowly, dragging one foot after the other.

And at last he was in bed, and Mil had gone up to tuck him in and kiss him good night and had come down again, and, as Joe had foreseen, was sitting on the couch, busy with her mending, a (Continued on page 28)



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The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION  GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

(Continued from page 26) basket of stockings, socks, and underwear on the couch beside her. Big Joe rose and moved toward her, but she looked up at him, amusement flickering on her lips, and he turned and sat down.

Joe took a deep breath and held it for a moment, and then he blurted forth with his expanding breath, "Look, Mil! There's something I got to tell you—"

"Yes," she said, without lifting her eyes.

"Well, you see, there's a girl. She was a hat-check girl at a night club, and you know what they're like."

"No, I don't know," Mil said.

"Well, you know what I mean—that environment and everything. Sort of free and easy. I'd had a little too much to drink one night and that's how it started.

It isn't as if I ever cared for her. Not in that way. And heaven knows how many men she'd gone with, but she blamed it all on me. Her name's Susy la Rue, and I don't even know whether that's her right name or not, although she says it is. I offered her all the money she needed. More than she needed. But now—Say, are you listening?" he asked abruptly, so quietly Mil sat there. "Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"Yes, I know what you're talking about," Mil said.

"Well, she's threatening me now. She says she'll go to the boss. And you know what that'll mean. The old man's awful strict in some ways. If Susy raises a stink—well, it will cost me my job, maybe"—his voice was quivering with emotion now—"and with things as they are, and I'm not as young as I was—"

"What do you want me to do about it?" Mil asked.

"Why, I thought you might see Susy and have a talk with her, straighten things out. I'll give her all the money she needs. That is, within reason. But you can appeal to her better nature and explain how it would break your heart if this came out and so forth."

Mil put down her mending. "I've already had a talk with her," she said.

Joe could not speak for a moment. Then, faintly, he echoed her: "You had a talk with her? When? Where?"

"Here!" Mil said.

"Here in this house?"

"Yes. This afternoon."

"You mean she came up here to see you?"

"Yes."

His voice came back, and his temper. "Why, the dirty chiseler!" he shouted. "And I didn't even know she knew where I lived."

"She's still here," Mil said placidly.

"Where?" Joe looked around as if he thought that the girl might be concealed behind the couch or the curtains.

"She's asleep upstairs in the spare bedroom. She was exhausted, poor thing."

"Look here, Mil!" he said, shaking his head warningly. "You don't want a girl like that around here."

"I was a girl like that," Mil said.

Joe was too shocked to say anything to that. That was no way for Mil to talk, digging up the past when everything was O. K. now. He'd seen that everything was fixed up fine and respectable so far as she was concerned, hadn't he?

After a while he asked, "But what about little Joe? What'll he think?"

"Why should he think anything?"

"Has he seen her?"

"Yes; he took her up some tea and toast that I made for her about five o'clock."

Again Joe shook his head. "I don't like it," he said. "It don't seem right to me."

"It's a little late for you to think that, isn't it, Joe?" Mil said, intent once more upon her mending.

"But listen!" he said. "It seems mighty awkward for all of us—her and me and you all here together."

"Yes," she said, "I suppose it is. I think you'd better go back to New York, Joe."

At that he tried to work himself up into a rage. "You mean you're putting me out for that dirty rat?" he cried.

"She didn't seem a dirty rat to me," Mil said. "She merely seemed a tired and frightened child. She'll stay here for a little while—anyway, until she's rested, until she gets back her—her courage to—to face things—" Mil looked up at the doorway. "Here she is!"

Joe turned and saw Susy la Rue standing in the doorway. Her light hair was tousled and her cheeks were flushed with recent sleep. She wore Mil's old pink slippers and her green flannel bathrobe clutched tightly around her. She gave Joe a sullen glance and said, "I heard you shouting! Don't yell at her on account of me."

"This is a lousy way to act!" Joe cried. "Coming up here to make trouble."

"I did come up here to make trouble," Susy admitted. "But I don't want to make trouble for her. Not now. I'll go if she says so."

"Well, you'd better go! I've tried to be a good sport about all this, but—"

The girl spoke with bitterest scorn. "You a good sport!" she said. "Don't you know it's her who's the good sport? And always has been, I guess!"

Joe lifted his clenched fist. "We've had enough of that!" he said. "You go up and get dressed and—"

"She's not going," Mil said, and patted the seat of the divan beside her. "Come here, Susy. Sit here!"

Susy hesitated, and then uttered a little cry and ran to Mil and put her head against Mil's shoulder. Once more Joe felt as if he were a stranger here.

Presently Mil said, "I think it's you who'd better go now, Joe."

He looked at her, his mouth hanging open slightly. At last he asked, "You mean for good?"

"Maybe," she said. "We'll talk things over sometime. Later. I want to think over what may be best and fairest for all of us. I'm not worried about myself, but there's little Joe to think of, and Susy, and—"

Joe swaggered into the hall and pushed his arms into his new tan camel's-hair coat. He threw on his hat and pulled his English scarf around his throat. But when he was muffled up and stood in the doorway of the living room his bravado was gone.

"It don't seem right it should end like this, Mil."

"It ended years ago, Joe. You don't realize that."

"Maybe if you'd been a different sort, Mil, more of a good sp—" But he flushed as he thought of Susy's words and changed that quickly to "If you'd been different anyway, we could of made a go of it."

"Yes, maybe you're right, Joe," she said. She was standing now, facing him. "I'm sorry I just couldn't be a different sort."

"Well, good-by, Mil." His hat was clutched in his hand.

"Good-by, Joe!" she said. "Good luck!" And turned quickly so that he would not see the tears in her eyes.

THE END



"Things are always happening with that file."

Hollywood Glorifies a Fish Story

An epic of salmon and their fate, alive with conflict and romance, brings you excitement, a colorful cast, and an engaging trained seal

BY BEVERLY HILLS

SPAWN OF THE NORTH

★ ★ ★ ½

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Louise Platt, John Barrymore, Akim Tamiroff, Lynne Overman, Fuzzy Knight, Vladimir Sokoloff, Alex Woloshin, Duncan Renaldo, Richard Ung, Archie Twitchell, Michio Ito, Lee Shumway, Stanley Andrews, Wade Boteler, Guy Usher, Henry Brandon, Egon Brecher, Harvey Clark, Galan Galt, Monte Blue, Irving Bacon. Screen play by Jules Furthman from a story by Barrett Willoughby. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 110 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills never again will be able to look a can of salmon in the face without getting sentimental. That's what *Spawn of the North* does to you. It is an epic of salmon, following its fishy way from the time the salmon run right through all the wholesale methods of capturing them.

Not that this is just a saga of salmon. *Spawn of the North* shows you the salmon pirates at work—the ruthless raiders of honest fishermen's traps—and builds its romance.

There are two young chaps—pals and hardy fishermen—but one of them gets involved with a salmon pirate, and the chum, on the side of law and order, is faced with the problem of shooting down his best friend with a harpoon gun. There is a picturesque background of icebergs that collapse at the high note of *Mother Machree*, as well as fantastic Alaskan rites of the Tlingit Indians.

Henry Fonda is the upright pal, George Raft is the lad who gets entangled with the salmon scoundrels headed by shrewd character actor Akim Tamiroff as a hard Russian sea rover. And there is Dorothy Lamour sans South Seas sarong. But don't get me wrong. She is in arctic togs as the worldly-wise keeper of the Cheechako Hotel and saloon.

But the picture is stolen by one Slicker, a trained seal, played by Curley, a real sea lion. Slicker takes the film in his flippers and swims off with it. Things have come to a pretty histrionic pass when a ventriloquist's dummy and a seal are contenders for the Academy's acting prize of 1938.

This has color and freshness, moves a little slowly when it gets educational in its details, is not a little brutal at times. But it isn't dull.

VITAL STATISTICS: It cost about two million to spawn this, which is a lot of salmon roe any way you look at it, if you are looking at it.

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Writer trouble contributed largely to cost. Scrivener Grover Jones got top writing wages of pic: \$4,250 a week. Others scribbled on it for as low as \$2,000 a week. Scabs! . . . Paramount back lot went nautical for months: purse seiners (fishing smacks), white-sea wenches, and small craft rode proudly at anchor in studio tank; George Raft and Henry Fonda strode around in hip boots shouting, "Spank my midribs with a spinnaker beagle, lads!" and everything smelled of the fresh fish that had to be brought in by the hour for the close-ups. Seems you can't make a substitute papier-mâché narcissus-scented fish—the things don't slither correctly, are patently bogus to salmon fishermen in movie audiences. . . . Dorothy Lamour proved allergic to seals, so before appearing with her, each seal was carefully dunked in a tankful of eau de cologne, then sprayed with an atomizer at frequent intervals. Lots of fans won't recognize Dotty—she's fully dressed for a change. Try as they might, studio couldn't see any pretext for garbing her in a

South Sea sarong, story locale being Alaska. The lovely Dorothy, by the way, claims she came to Hollywood to swish around in swank. Instead, they installed her in a sarong in tropical backgrounds. She's learned to take it philosophically—says her job is to be entertaining, which she certainly looks. Dotty's now a \$2,500-a-weeker, so hard-worked she can't take time off to have that much publicized baby. She hits George Raft in the whiskers in this with a live fish. That fish is rubber. Dorothy just wouldn't (and couldn't) slap with a real one. . . . That terrific storm Raft rides out with Tamiroff is studio churned. Even the typhoon is homemade. . . . This type of pic is known as a Frontier. Paramount studios have all the frontiers tied up—just as M-G-M has the world's famous characters and Warner's the headlines. . . . Carole Lombard was originally skedded to play the Lamourous part. She got sick, pic was postponed a year, then Lamour substituted, Lombard deciding she didn't look good against a background of fish. . . . Salmon are known as swimming silver. . . . What with restrictions, actual Alaskan fishing grounds have become very tame, have nothing of the romantic underworldliness depicted in this. Except, of course, that salmon are likely at any moment to cause a war with Japan. Siberian salmon grounds have no restrictions and a fisherman can do some right smart hijacking of seines and traps there if he's a mind to. . . . John Barrymore plays parchesi for 25¢ a point nights, has become a whiz at it. Plays it with Elaine and his mother-in-law, who lives with them and calls herself ass't manager. Why? Barrymore wants to keep his youth and beauty, has taken on a rejuvenated attitude now that Hollywood has "discovered" him as a comedian, which he started as years and years ago. He arrived on set early one morning; was asked to walk down a flight of steps; did so; was told that was all for the day; just kept walking right out of studio—walked right home and got back in bed. They rocked the great sailor Barrymore so profoundly on the studio tank rockers he got seasick—first time in his life. . . . Only nondrownable Hollywood actors besides Charlie McCarthy are studio watermen who, like the Hollywood movie army, are standard. These gents are



Dorothy Lamour and salmon pirate George Raft in *Spawn of the North*.

ex-dock wallpapers from San Pedro, deepsea divers, and longshoremen. They swim like muskrats, lift 200 lbs. overhead onehanded, have the nerves of a steplejack, shave with blow-torches, relax in secondhand electric chairs but have become polished with movie work, learned to lift teacups and petits fours with both hands. Last job two of them, Cowboy Jay and Denny O'Brien, did was to wrestle a real octopus on the sea bottom. Both of these lads have shoulders so wide they have to walk sideways to come through a door. . . . Barrett Willoughby's blueprint novel for this has been so changed Barrett can still sell his book as original. . . . Seventy-five thousand feet of salmon fishing were shot in Alaska for this. Entire pic you see is under 9,000 feet. . . . All icebergs were made in the studio refrigerators—out of cellophane and paint. . . . Tears often roll down Megger Hathaway's cheeks as he mugs a particularly sad scene. Or he laughs so loudly at the humorous effect he's getting, he spoils a take—as he did in this—when Lamour socks Raft in the conk with that fish. . . . For this, Akim Tamiroff had to drop 10 of the 20 lbs. he larded up for part of Dominique You in The Buccaneer. Does it with solo orange-juice diet taken twice a day—and a very painful experience, too. Akim has the most notorious appetite in Hollywood. Has consumed four steaks at a sitting. This same Akim plays a Rahshian for first time in his moviefying. And a villain too. Russia and America are only countries which don't bridle when they are villainized on screen. Russia, because there's no Soviet pic market; America, because we're broad-minded. Akim's from Baku. When Tamiroff first read script, he couldn't discover his part—thought it to be that of the seal—he's played so many misshapen characters. . . . Tremendous Trifle: Curly, the trained seal, wouldn't eat salmon. Absorbs hunks of fish constantly, however—but they must be suthn Californian. He's that native a flapper. . . . The Herb Kays (she was Dorothy Lamour) keep their home life steady by living within Herbie's income. Herb won't accept a cent of Lamour money to run the establishment. They're housebuilding now. . . . Raft and Fonda had a ribbing feud. First Fonda would hide a hunk of fish in George Raft's trouser cuff, then enjoy watching George jump when the seals took a nip out of the Raftian leg. Raft would retort by slipping in and crushing an egg in Fonda's hand or pocket. More fun! . . . Duncan Renaldo is making a comeback. Was in Africa with Trader Horn company. Doesn't know identity or nationality of parents, lived in Roumania, Bessarabia, and Italy till he was 17—with several families. He'll be a citizen in 1941. . . . George Raft has lowered his pants tops four inches, removed half the pleats. George and Virginia Pine still go together, show no signs of marrying. George left public school in New York after a fist fight, never went back, has been grocer boy, electrical helper, bargehand, fighter. Was kayoed 7 times in 22 fights, almost wrecking his camera profile. Pro-baseballed, then tangoed his way into movies as a Rudy Valentino patent-leather slicker on the gangster side. He's always fought against being an unmitigated rat in films, says he's a business man and wants to protect his investment: George Raft. Rebelled in Souls at Sea against speaking a line in which he maligned his mother. Had line removed. He usually wins his point—to be cast as a rogue with a heart of gold.

UNDER THE BIG TOP

★ ★ ½

THE PLAYERS: Anne Nagel, Marjorie Main, Jack La Rue, Grant Richards, George Cleveland, Herbert Rawlinson, Rolfe Sedan, Betty Compson, Harry Harvey, Charlene Wyatt, Speed Hansen. Story and screen play by Marion Orth. Directed by Karl Brown. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 63 minutes.

IT'S tough getting a new circus theme. This is a variation—well paced, nicely played—of the show-must-go-on plot.

Two aerialists love the feminine third of the act, the pretty niece and protégée of the woman who owns the circus.

One discovers he has no chance for the girl, turns to drink, and suddenly finds—high in the big top—that he can't see. If the girl launches herself through the air, he will miss her hands and drop her to death. What to do?

Anne Nagel is the girl, Grant Richards and Jack La Rue are the trapeze Romeos.

But it is Marjorie Main, the gangster's mother of Dead End, who steals the film as the canny, hardfisted circus proprietor.

In bits you will find Betty Compson as the nonchalant young lady who has knives tossed at her, and Herbert Rawlinson as the grandiloquent circus ringmaster. A nice little picture, compact and well done.

LIBERTY'S GREAT SCOOP

That's My Story

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DOUGLAS "Wrong-Way" CORRIGAN



THE VITAL THRILLING LIFE STORY OF THE MAN WHO MADE THE WORLD'S MOST

AMAZING FLIGHT

AS HE TELLS IT IN

Liberty

WATCH FOR IT SOON!

VITAL STATISTICS: Anne Nagel's widow of poor Ross Alexander who killed himself two years ago, cutting off a promising acting career. She's a Malden, Mass., lass, real-named Ann Dolan Alexander, met Alexander when both were under contract to Warner's, made Here Comes Carter together. Since husband's death she's led a quiet, niteclubless life on a 10-acre farm near Van Nuys, Calif. She was once a commercial model, wanted to be a nun but debuted in Red Heads on Parade with John Boles. . . . Trapezelle Ruby Woods put Nagel through all her swinging paces. They studied on the rings nightly from nine to twelve and those death-defying leaps and

quidgets Nagel performs are done in long shots by doubles and by Nagel herself in the close-ups. During latter Nagel was on specially built trapeze just a few feet from the ground, camera shooting upward. . . . Betty Compson used to be Mrs. James Cruze and a \$4,000-a-week star. She had knives thrown at her four hours a day by Jack Cavanaugh, famed knife tosser. . . . Jack's pitched knives in circuses for 18 years, has never committed a single error or removed any one's appendix. He threw fountain pens and bayonets at Peter Lorre in Mad Love, surgeon scalpels at Paul Cavanaugh, no relative. Jack says you've got to practice knife throwing every day and it takes years to develop muscular and visual co-ordination to throw them at living people. Says 18 feet's the limit of accuracy and in that distance the blade of the knife turns over twice. Used to have arguments with his wife if he breezed them in too close to her during their act. . . . Jack La Rue's been picting since '33, is Italian-English, owns La Rue's Spaghetti House on Ventura Blvd., used to be a mat. idol, usually villains, but was the priest in Capns Courageous. . . . Marjorie Main's the Little Mother of Hollywood now, firmly established by her Dead Ending. She can't keep up with the parts written for her, was married to the late Dr. Stanley L. Krebs from 1921 to 1935, still lives in his memory. She lives a gently quiet life, keeps neatly trim by taking very unmotherly bends for 30 minutes every morning, then topping it off with a long walk. She's been in 16 pictures since debutting 18 months ago, still owns only six pairs of shoes, five hats, and less than a dozen dresses.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, Russell Gleason, Ken Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson, Florence Roberts, Billy Mahan, Marvin Stephens, Iva Stewart, Helen Freeman, Henry Kolker, Paul McVey. Screen play by Joseph Hoffman, Karen De Wolf, and Robert Chapin from a story by Dorothy Manney and Zena George. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 58 minutes.

ANOTHER episode in another Hollywood dramatic series. This is an interlude in the life of the Jones family. Mrs. Jones gets a chance to solve people's problems via the radio station of her home town, while Mr. Jones, local druggist, becomes involved in the scheme of crooks who are exploiting a phony mineral water. The town is almost cleaned by the crooks, but—

A pleasant enough little film, clean and all that sort of thing, with Jed Prouty and Spring Byington as the heads of the Jones ménage, and Florence Roberts, one-time Broadway star, as sharp-tongued Granny Jones. Malcolm St. Clair directs the domestic affair smoothly.

Maybe you like these series pictures. If you do, the Jones dramas are among the best.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Joneses started all this Homey Family series currently popular. . . . England's crazy about the Joneses, who open a new vista of America to them. English idea is that America is jammed with machine-gun-toting underworlders and somewhere behind the smoke screen live the people—half Indian, half cowboy, and all endowed with a Yankee nasal twang. . . . To form Jones Family, studio really worked hard to collect actors who resembled each other. Job was endless—solved by selecting actors with same facial construction. To improve resemblance, studio now keeps family together constantly, lights them in the same way. Curiously, when people have lived or worked together long enough they often take on each other's characteristics, become alike. . . . George Ernest and Marvin Stephens played 3 games of checkers daily for the 4 days Joneses went through camera antics, George winning by 38-34. Loser paid for a dinner date with June Carlson. . . . This is Hank Kolker's 150th part, he made love to Ada Rehan, Amelia Bingham, Bertha Kalisch, and Nazimova in his younger stage days. Kolker's on the quieter side of Hollywood's life, is a dahlia fan, married, economical-minded, moderately bookish, non-exercise fanatical, a quick study, constantly employed, not too anecdoddy about his rich acting past. . . . Mal St. Clair is long, lean, hungry-looking, used to be a writer, megged one of the most delightful and successful pix ever made: The Grand Duchess and the Waiter, with Menjou and Flo Vidor. It was silent. Sound shelved St.

Clair, he had a long hard pull to come back—is coming back slowly, surely. . . . Jed Prouty's a family man from way back, also a stage vet of middle classness and comic parts. He's of Boston. In off hours Jed plays mah-jongg at the Hollywood Maskers Club, one of the few remaining mah-jonggers in this hemisphere. . . . Florence Roberts has made enough out of being the Jones Gramma to buy herself a new San Fernando Valley home. A putterer, she's completely handpainted and landscaped the place, mixing her own paints, pushing around her own topsoil. . . . Spring Byington relaxes by keeping busy at other studios, is one of the Colorado Springs, has two daughters of her own, doesn't believe in vacations. Runs her own home and Joneses' at same time, is the unofficial mother of the Jones family off set. All young ones come to her with their problems. . . . Ken Howell's a Polar Bear, swims the year round if he has to hammer himself a hole in the ice to dunk. . . . Iva Stewart's of Berlin, N. H., and Hebron, Me., has been Miss Maine in the Shape Derbies, debuts herein, was runner-up for Miss America a year or so back, missing first place by a hip's whisker. . . . Jones Family set is homey and comfortable, really has a peaceful atmosphere unmarred by actorial jealousies and temperament. Undoubtedly it's much more peaceful than real home.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Marie Antoinette, Mad About Music.

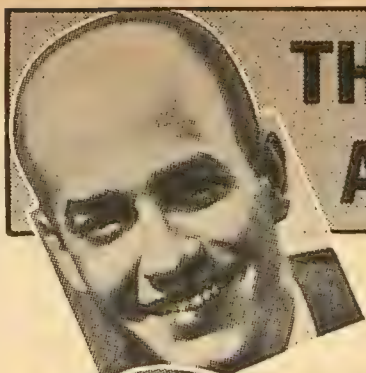
★★★★½—Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live.

★★★—Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

- 1—Al Jolson.
- 2—A vegetable.
- 3—Harold Bell Wright.
- 4—That of George Washington.
- 5—Albert von Tilzer.
- 6—In Ecuador.
- 7—Ramsay MacDonald.
- 8—Italy's conquest of Ethiopia.
- 9—Shirley.
- 10—Harry Wills.
- 11—Pronunciation.
- 12—Henry Clay.
- 13—The South Sea.
- 14—Zeppo.
- 15—One of his ears, which he first cut off.
- 16—West Virginia.
- 17—The fluid of the snail's body is drawn out by the salt.
- 18—Shem, Ham, and Japheth.
- 19—Yes, if there are camels, which are known as "ships of the desert."
- 20—

Greta Garbo



THIS IS NOT A "BEFORE AND AFTER" STUNT

The two photos at the left are identical — except that the artist has painted out the hair in the top photo. The purpose in doing this is to illustrate how the loss of hair robs even a young man of his youthful looks.

Dandruff is a menace to healthy hair growth. In many instances it is the cause of excessive loss of hair. Don't neglect dandruff.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR NOW Don't Wait Until After You've Lost It

Nothing known to science will grow hair on a bald head. Therefore a wise man will take care of his hair while he has it and not wait until it is gone. Fight dandruff and scalp irritation.

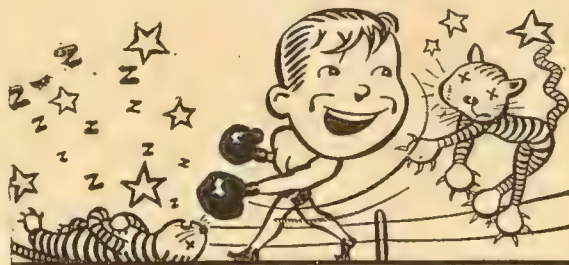
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FOR 101 WINNING ENTRIES IN THIS NEW

Wisecracks Contest

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

IF you missed the first week of this game, your chance to win is still excellent. You can enter direct from this page, start your claim to one of the substantial cash awards, and then go back and make up the lost ground at your leisure.

The object of the game is to supply wisecrack retorts to the six contest questions, the second of which appears on the coupon on this page: What Is the Reason for Daylight Saving? What do you think? Write your wisecrack in twenty or less words, using the coupon. But don't send the coupon in yet. Save it until you have a complete file of six at the end of the game. Coupons sent in individually will not be considered. As stipulated in the rules, wisecracks will be rated on the basis of smartness, cleverness, and humor. Keep those essentials in mind as you frame your replies.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will print a contest coupon containing a question and space for a wisecrack answer.
2. Using typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil, write your wisecrack in twenty words or less on the lines provided for this purpose. If you do not use a typewriter, make sure that your writing is legible, or, better yet, print.
3. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete at the end of the contest. Then submit them all at the same time as a unit. Mail your entry to Wisecrack Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the closing date of this contest.
4. The judges will be the Liberty Contest Board and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Entries will be judged on the basis of the smartness, cleverness, and humor of the answers or wisecracks. For the best entry rated on that basis a First Prize of \$250 will be paid. In the order of their excellence other entries will be awarded the following prizes: Second Prize, \$100; four Third Prizes, each \$25; fifteen Fourth Prizes, each \$10; eighty Fifth Prizes, each \$5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Because of the mass of work involved in conducting this contest, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Do not submit elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best.

When you have filled in Coupon 2, if you did not get into the game at the official start last week, you will need Coupon 1 to make your entry complete to date. Perhaps you have saved last week's issue. If so, all you need do is complete the coupon. If you do not have that issue, here's how to get the coupon:

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For the convenience of contestants who need Coupon 1, Liberty has prepared reprints. Address your request to the P. O. Box designated in Rule 3 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Your order will be filled without delay and you can then bring your entry even with the field.

Clip and Save This Entry Form

WISECRACK CONTEST

COUPON NO. 2

Here is the question:

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR DAYLIGHT SAVING?

Write your wisecrack answer on these lines,
using not more than twenty words

.....
.....
.....
(Write plainly, print, or typewrite)

WATCH for COUPON 3 NEXT WEEK

Save This Coupon Until the Game Ends

How the tide was turned!
Now comes the stirring
story of the crisis in
an epic battle with crime

THUNDER OVER KANSAS CITY

BY FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



Political sponsors of hoodlums enter a courtroom and whisper to the judge.

Inside stories of the trials of Charles Gargotta, the murder of First Ward boss Johnny Lazia, and the earlier outrages of "Bloody Election Day" were told by Mr. Allhoff last week.

One August night in 1933 Sheriff Bash of Jackson County and a deputy chanced upon a gang killing. The victim was Ferris Anthon, liquor and dope dealer. Replying to fire from a parked car, Bash killed two of its occupants; a third escaped, dropping a .45 army automatic—and the fourth, Gargotta, surrendering, dropped another that was just like it except for the serial number. Ballistician Merle A. Gill was later to testify that the bullets in Anthon's body had been fired from a pistol bearing the number which had been noted as that of the one Gargotta had dropped.

At Gargotta's trial, a local police detective named Claiborne swore he had tagged the pistol dropped by the man who had escaped, and that pistol had borne the fateful number. He produced a tag. Gargotta was acquitted. Federal District Attorney Milligan haled Claiborne before a Federal Grand Jury, and proved that the tag had not yet been manufactured at the time! So Claiborne got four years for perjury—with which, he had hinted, Lazia might have had something to do. Milligan prosecuted Gargotta on charges related to possession of the stolen army pistols. Gargotta was convicted, but the verdict was reversed, and today he is an innocent man. Meanwhile Johnny Lazia was shot down by gunmen—some political rival's, presumably. His last words were: "Notify Mr. Pendergast, my best friend, and tell him I love him."

March 27, 1934, was "Bloody Election Day." It owed its sanguinary

character to rivalry between machine factions. A Kansas City Star reporter was slugged and chased with gunfire; his two companions were beaten unconscious—and this was but one of many minor disturbances in the earlier hours of the day. At a polling place, a Negro precinct captain, defending another decent man and himself against four armed thugs, was shot dead.

PART THREE—SLAUGHTER...AND A CHALLENGE

SHERIFF THOMAS B. BASH, who arrested Charles Gargotta at the Ferris Anthon murder scene, was a supporter, that "Bloody Election Day" in 1934, of C. R. Benton, the Shannon candidate for City Council. To protect the interests of his favorite candidate, Bash had assigned Deputy Sheriff Lee Flacy to act as outside challenger for the polling place at 5820 Swope Parkway, a section peopled by white-collar workers.

Flacy was a decent youngster, married seventeen days at the time of this occurrence. He was softhearted, hated to make pinches, and had a reputation for using reason, not force. People liked young Flacy.

He was on duty all of Election Day. Late in the afternoon he went to a café next door for his supper. While he was eating it, a machine driven by John Gadwood, a mem-

ber of the Peter Kelly Sixteenth Ward Democratic faction, followed by another car filled with men, pulled up to the polling place.

Gadwood went into it, then into the restaurant, where, witnesses said, he asked for Flacy. There was a partition separating the restaurant proper, where Flacy was eating, from the rear kitchen. Gadwood and some of his men, with Flacy, went behind that partition.

Those in the restaurant heard voices, loud and angry, in argument. Then shots. Gadwood was seen running from the kitchen, followed by his companions. Flacy, one leg badly damaged where he had been shot, came limping out, a German Luger in his hand.

"They can't get away with this," he said as he followed the fleeing men through the street door.

Out on the sidewalk his wounded leg buckled under him and he went down on one knee.

He was game, however. He raised his gun, got one of his assailants in his sights, and wounded him. The car with the wounded man in it plunged into a tree and turned over on its side. The injured hoodlum, employed as waiter by a North Side politician, proprietor of a night club and one-time proprietor of a Kansas City flower shop in which Pretty Boy Floyd had slain a federal prohibition agent, later died of his wound.

Even as Deputy Sheriff Flacy shot his man, the second car had pulled up opposite him on the narrow street. From its back seat came a blast of shotgun fire. Young Flacy sprawled on his face, ripped by buckshot.

Only a few feet from him another man fell dead. P. W. Oldham, proprietor of a hardware store next to the restaurant, had just turned the key in the front door, preparatory to going home for the day, when the shooting began. Caught in the cross fire, he died without knowing what had struck him.

Four killings, in the broad daylight hours between opening and closing of Kansas City's polls, had provided a ghastly tribute to machine government.

Gadwood had calmly walked from the scene. A search for him proved useless. Then, with the arrogance of his kind in a city where justice was hog-tied, he arranged, through his attorney, to surrender.

He was brought from near Troost Lake to the office of Chief of Detectives Thomas J. Higgins, where he was grilled most of the night of April 4. The chief of detectives went home.

There are, even in Kansas City, cops who would be good police officers if they could. Maybe it was such men, farseeing enough to realize that once Gadwood got into the local courts he would get off lightly, who went to work on him. Anyway, all evidence indicates that somewhere, during the questioning of John Gadwood, some one beat the living daylight out of him.

He appeared in Higgins' office next day, beefing through his attorneys that the surrender "agreement" had been broken.

He went into court and, for the three killings he had precipitated, got ten years maximum on a manslaughter rap. An ex-policeman I talked to offered to eat the Criminal Code if Gadwood serves all ten.

ON the whole, after the first revulsion that followed the 1934 elections, reputable Kansas Citians took the old system of machine politics in their stride.

To the underworld, however, it had meant a little more. They had come out of their gin mills and gambling dives and bawdyhouses and, for one day, had taken the city over. They were now a little bolder. Nothing had happened to them; nothing would. Hadn't they given their all to the machine on Election Day?

An epidemic of auto and spare-parts thefts broke out. If your car was parked long in one place, you could expect to find on your return, if it was there at all, that the tires had been stripped from it or the radio stolen. At least one man was to learn that it was not even safe to go out in a car.

This man, who shall be nameless, went for a drive one hot summer night in the car of his landlady. With him was his girl friend. His landlady, driving, stopped her car rather suddenly. Another car rammed it from the rear, locking bumpers.

The second car was driven by a swarthy-faced man. Every one got out on the sidewalk. No harm had been done. The landlady got in her car to drive it forward. Her young roomer told the swarthy-faced man: "You get in your car and back up and we'll get them unhooked."

The swarthy man, for answer, hit the young fellow in the face. The young fellow knocked the swarthy man down. The latter, from the sidewalk, pulled a gun, shot and killed the young fellow, and ran away.

His car was still there. His license plates were checked, his name obtained. His picture was identified. But he had fled. More than two weeks after the murder he "surrendered" to police. Men who expect to pay the death penalty don't surrender.

The landlady grimly went to court to tell what had happened. This despite the fact that men had come to her home offering her a bribe not to testify; threatening her, when that did not work.

In all she went to court twenty times in the fanciful hope that one day she might be permitted to tell her story. It was a bit disillusioning, for she clung to the old-fashioned idea that a court was a place that dispensed justice. Instead, as she later explained, she found the very courthouse corridors to be a place where, when she appeared, strange men made sneering remarks about her.

Twenty times to court—and nothing happened. Each time the case was continued. She was entitled to some skepticism by now, and when the case was called, nearly a year later, for the twenty-first time, she did not go.

THE first-degree murder case, in which the victim had been an ordinary law-abiding citizen, was promptly dismissed for lack of prosecution. No witnesses had appeared. None had been subpoenaed. Not even newspaper reporters discovered what had happened until a week later. By that time the prosecutor's office had lost the records of the case. By that time, for that matter, John Lazia was dead. But it still was possible to get away with murder in Kansas City.

The complete breakdown of law and order and the accompanying impotence of the local courts continued. In 1936 and 1937 you actually gambled with your safety if you stepped into certain taxicabs then plying the streets of Kansas City.

Don't ex-convicts have to do something for a living? In this instance, the city seems to have entrusted them with the lives of decent men and women by letting them drive cabs for this particular concern. We shall call it—the name is quite fictitious—the Hack Cab Company.

In the fall of 1936 a taxicab piloted by a hit-and-run driver struck Byron Turpin, an eleven-year-old boy, fractured his skull, and killed him. Witnesses who got the license number of this fleeing Hack cab turned it in. Police arrested its driver. He had a record that showed a two-year bit at San Quentin for auto theft. He admitted driving the cab, denied hitting the boy. The case against him was dismissed.

A month later several employees of the Hack Cab Company were taken to police headquarters for questioning concerning the death of a driver that had resulted from a beating over the head. He seems to have quarreled, at the company offices, concerning the amount in fares he should have turned in. No charges were filed.

Early the next year a woman complained to police that she had been dragged by two men from a taxicab and had been beaten and robbed of \$14,000 worth of bonds and jewelry. The driver who was arrested bore the same name as a hoodlum wounded during the "Bloody Elections." He denied having driven the cab the night of the murder; admitted it later. There is no record to show that any punishment was visited upon him.

The summer was a busy one for the Hack Cab Company. A paroled bank robber, driving a Hack cab, appeared one night at General Hospital with a dead passenger in the front seat. He had a story to go with the corpse. A Negro, he said, had jumped on the cab's running board announcing: "This is a hold-up."

The dead man had been shot, it was true. And he seemed to have been robbed. Only four cents was found in his pockets, which were empty of any papers of identification. An anonymous tele- (Continued on page 36)

Here's the only *“way”* in America not financed by tax money

THE people of the United States use four “ways” of transportation — waterway, airway, roadway and railway.

Of these four, the railroads alone now build and maintain their own “ways” without the aid of the money we all pay in taxes. More than that, they *pay taxes* on their “ways” which help to support schools and other functions of government.

These facts have an important bearing on any discussion of the “railroad problem” for two reasons:

First, people who talk of “putting the railroads through the wringer” overlook the fact that approximately 55% of railroad investment is in their “ways.”

Second, railroads must compete with carriers which use ways largely provided for them by taxation.

Take the inland waterways, for example. The construction cost of digging canals or deepening rivers — all paid by the *taxpayers* — is far more than the cost of building railroad tracks. For instance, it is \$142,000 per mile on the Ohio River and \$235,000 per mile on the upper Mississippi. And even the annual maintenance per mile, *also paid wholly by the taxpayers*, is much higher than the annual maintenance costs of the railroads, paid wholly by the railroads.

Aviation benefits by a nationwide system of beacons, emergency landing fields, radio beams, weather reports and the like furnished by the U. S. Government, and airports built by U. S. Government funds or municipalities.

Roads, *not* including city streets, have cost more than \$25,000,000,000 — almost twice the investment in railroad tracks and yards.

Looking at these figures, you can see that it costs money to furnish any kind of transportation “way” — and the marvel is that railroads, paying the whole bill themselves, are able to transport commodities of all sorts over all the country at rates averaging well below those of any of our other ways of transportation.

This is no time for snap judgment on the railroads' problems. What's needed is a sensible program.

The railroads have such a program today. It is based on the principle that *the most important transportation system in America should be given a chance to run as a business under fair and equal conditions of competition.*

This program is simply stated in a little pamphlet of vital interest to you. Please write for your copy.

What about “Land Grants”?

These two words have confused fair discussion of railroad problems for more than fifty years. Let us present three little-known facts which go far toward clearing the air:

First, less than 10% of the railroads ever received “land grants.”

Second, the land “granted” was virtually worthless until the building of the railroads made settlement possible.

Third, “land grants” were not gifts. They were trades. Roads receiving these grants were required to give the government reduced rates on all its business, a concession which has long since returned to the government far more than the original value of the lands granted.

**SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!**

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

STRAIGHT
THINKING
About the Railroads

(Continued from page 34) phone call the following day enabled police to learn the dead man's identity. But, since no one called to explain his death, the Hack cab driver was released.

One woman identified a Hack Cab Company driver with a record of twenty-seven previous arrests as the man who had driven her, under protest, far out into the country, attacked her, beaten her, and robbed her. Police found that he had been arrested for a similar attack, months before, on complaint of another woman. But Kansas City justice had released him.

Now a second offender, he was haled summarily before a justice of the peace—where his case was dismissed.

Other women complained of losing their purses in Hack taxicabs or of being ordered by drivers of the cabs into saloons, where strangers would snatch their purses from them.

Unless you knew your taxicabs, it was safer to walk in Kansas City—or to avail yourself of some of the excellent public transportation which the machine takes pride in supplying to the city.

Finally, two officials of the Hack Cab Company were arrested by police, who seized twenty-two of the company's cabs and found one bearing a stolen radio, three equipped with tires whose registered serial numbers showed them to be stolen, and eighteen cabs whose tires were defaced and mutilated where serial numbers once had been.

This was a bit too much, and Kansas City justice struck down. The two co-owners of the Hack Cab Company were fined \$250 each on a charge of violating a city ordinance forbidding removal of tire serial numbers.

Two weeks later one of the pair, who faced two charges of receiving stolen property, walked out of court. Insufficient evidence was the ruling.

A week later, after hearing testimony on appeal, the presiding judge scored the defendants with a sharp talk about "loose business methods"—then reduced their \$250 fines to fines of twenty-five dollars each.

There are no Hack cabs on Kansas City's streets today. The whole series of incidents was a trifle too much even for the Heart of America.

But the cabs that were the Hack cabs still ply the streets. They've been repainted. Another company operates them—without grief to the customers.

A careful check would reveal that plenty of ex-convicts still drive taxicabs in Kansas City. There are also some to be found in police uniforms.

I'd heard a rumor about a "big" taxicab business—one that stood in strong with the machine. The story went that cops were generous with summonses to cab drivers for other companies. I asked a cab driver whether his concern ever had trouble that way.

"Hell, no," he said. "Our outfit stands in like that"—he crossed his fingers—"with a bunch of North Side politicians."

And there you have as good an answer as any to the question what is wrong—has for years been wrong—with Kansas City. Kansas Citians seem unable to become excited about the fact that they are machine-dominated. The smart thing, they apparently reason, is to stand in with the machine. It is the sucker philosophy of a man who, having been permitted to clean up mildly at a gam-

bling table in the sure knowledge that he will hurry back to be clipped, forgets he is going to be the loser in the long run.

It's easy enough for a stranger like myself to walk into Kansas City and walk out again and then hang the Punch and Judy on the aching Heart of America. The corruption is there. All you have to do is put it on paper.

The organization lads may well howl: "We'll run our city the way we please and it's no skin off any outsider's nose." That's true—and they're welcome—but it isn't all the truth. Crooked voting and machine politics are the concern of every decent citizen in America, regardless of where they exist.

A machine in any city powerful enough to swing

100,000 votes is powerful enough to change the destiny of the country. In 1916 less voting power than Kansas City's machine still can muster gave Wilson the Presidency. Granted—that's pretty far-fetched. Granted—the chance, mathematically, is slim. Still, the chance is there.

And the success of a political dynasty in one part of the country gives heart and impetus to the building of other machines elsewhere.

Partisans of machine government in Kansas City claim that they have given Kansas Citians low insurance rates, mild taxes, efficient public services, and (they must choke on their tongues when they chant this one) comparative freedom from violent crime.

The Kansas City Police Department's files

would certainly indicate that there is very little crime in Kansas City. How can there be much crime when there are so few convictions?

I examined copies of the police records of four men who, surprised by police in what had all the earmarks of a burglary, fell to the floor and begged for mercy. They were used to getting mercy.

One of them, who had begun to show signs of wildness at a tender age, had first been arrested for an unsavory attempt to rape two sixteen-year-old girls. He had a police record of forty-three arrests. His three companions had records totaling sixty-four arrests.

Four men! A total of 107 arrests! And I can't tell you, without laying this magazine open to a violation of the libel laws, the names of any of these men. For—except for a single conviction obtained against one of them in a federal court—none of these four has ever been found guilty of a felony!

Kansas City's local courts and its prosecutor's office are incredibly humane to the tough and erring lads from the gutters who have sense and muscle enough to help out the machine on Election Days.

One swashbuckling gentleman with a record of thirty arrests was found sitting in a stolen car. He explained it, apparently, as a coincidence, for he was not punished. Then he was arrested while he had in his possession a machine gun and a revolver.

It would be interesting to know how he explained the machine gun. He must have been a persuasive fellow, for he not only avoided punishment for possession of this armament but, when going free, demanded that his machine gun be returned to him—and got it.

Men with long arrest records, men who in other cities would be classified as "known criminals," obtain their



Evidence! Milligan with an enlargement of a doctored ballot.

freedom with a brazenness that, because of repetition, no longer shocks the sensibilities of Kansas City. Political sponsors of these hoodlums do not hesitate to enter a courtroom and publicly whisper to the judge before their man's case comes up. A dismissal follows. It's as raw as that.

And so there is very little violent crime; few criminals in Kansas City. The records of the Kansas City Police Department — machine-controlled — will back up that claim, machine-made.

Kansas City was not included in the Uniform Crime Reports of 1933 and 1934 as published by the Department of Justice. The machine, proud of Kansas City's peacefulness, does not explain how this omission came about.

The bald fact probably is what machine enemies claim—that the Department of Justice considers the reports sent from Kansas City as containing too much unreliable data for inclusion.

As for Kansas City's brothels—the "poor man's clubs" of Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets—they seem little different, except perhaps in point of number, from houses of prostitution in other cities. Outwardly they have the same drab unattractiveness. There are Negro houses and Chinese houses and all-Creole houses—whatever the visiting firemen may demand.

The girls presumably are not allowed to solicit on the streets and occasional police cruisers patrol in the interest of this discreet ruling. On such occasions, those caught abroad scatter like birds before a tossed stone, the convenient alleys quickly swallowing them.

UNTIL recently the city's streets of sin were known as the "telegraph district." The girls used to sit of an evening framed in the lighted rectangles of their rooms' windows, ostensibly reading—or even sewing—but in fact slyly watching the street.

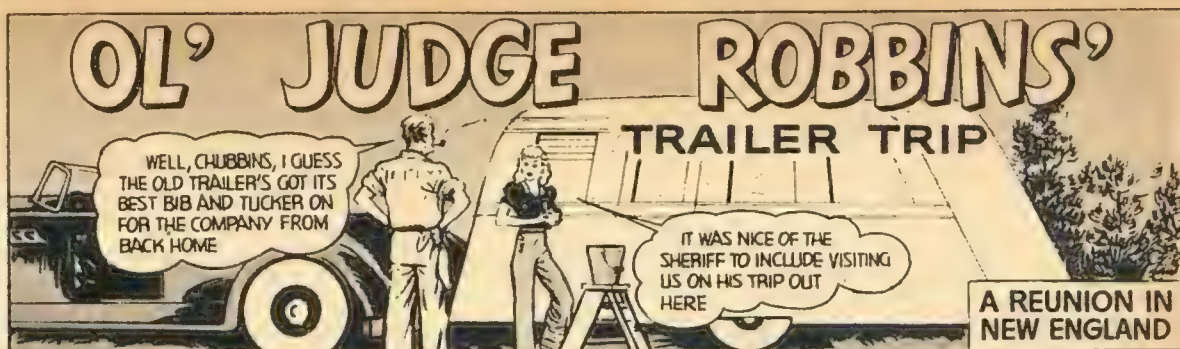
At the first sign of a slowly passing car or pedestrian, knitting or book would be abandoned while the girl at the window tapped upon the windowpane with a nickel. Since competition was somewhat intense, the sounds that used to come from the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Street windows resembled nothing so much as those to be heard inside a busy telegraph office—and it was from this resemblance that the section derived its name.

I rode out one night to hear for myself. I was disappointed. Not a single nickel knocked against a single pane of glass. I inquired about it.

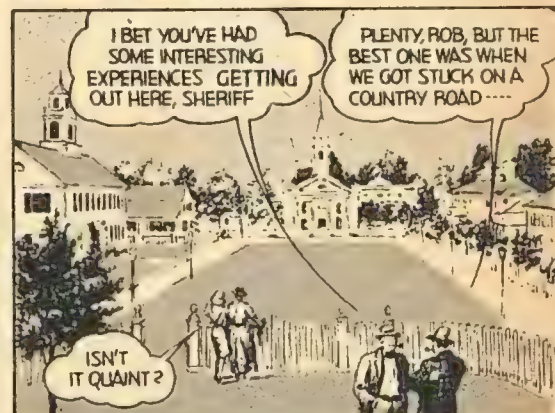
It seems that the machine is allergic to publicity. A series of newspaper articles had publicized the window tapping. And overnight the order had gone out: "No more of that."

Today the telegraph district has become an aviary. From the doorways and windows come whistles that a practiced birdman would find difficult to classify.

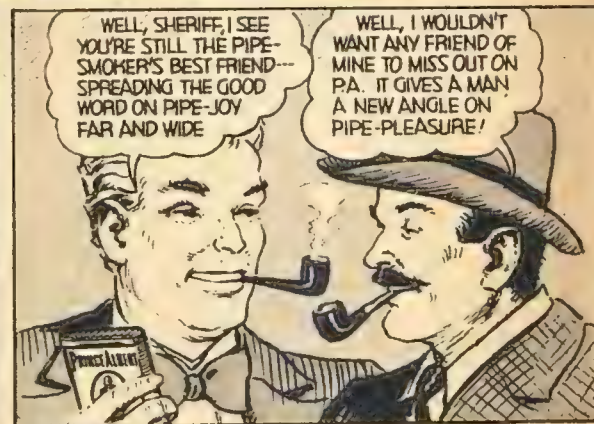
Organization men in Kansas City



A REUNION IN NEW ENGLAND



AT STORROWTON, MASS. ORIGINAL COLONIAL BUILDINGS WERE MOVED HERE IN PIECES AND RESTORED TO FORM A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

scoff at the report that the young ladies of the telegraph district kick in cash for the concession of renting their charms. "How could they," is the way it's put, "when they scarcely make a living?"

That they scarcely make a living is undoubtedly true; that a percentage of their earnings filters back to the machine, either as a direct levy or in the form of campaign contributions, is just as reasonable. The girls may not pay it directly. But they pay it. Kansas City isn't letting its merry mademoiselles operate openly out of the goodness of its heart or the broadness of its mind. Kansas City's wide-open joy joints, like the undercover ones of New York City, are syndicate-controlled.

If you are reasonable, you will grant that the syndicate, whether it's provable or not, must pay some one connected with the machine for the privilege of running its bagnios. It would be naïve to imagine that the machine would otherwise put up with the sporadic pot shots of reformers and the scorn of occasional militant clergymen who point to the Fourteenth Street aviaries.

The Kansas City machine mouthpieces are eloquent about what they have done to keep the city in the black, hold its taxes down, and win its credit an A rating.

All these claims seem subject to challenge. Thomas J. Patten, a prominent Kansas City attorney allied with the Independent Voters' League, compiled a volume setting forth the cost to Kansas City of machine government. Kansas City, it seems, piles up a deficit which will eventually result in increased taxes, while making a great show of balancing its budget. It's a bit of bookkeeping legerdemain, involved and statistical. It includes, among other things, failure of the city to maintain sinking funds to retire its bonded indebtedness.

While the machine argues with some truth that taxes have been kept low, Kansas Citians receive much less, proportionately, for their money than citizens of many other cities.

Kansas City spends nothing on relief for the poor and little for its poor children. It pays two and one half times as much to have its water meters read as the people of Cincinnati, a larger city. Nor is this difference in cost reflected in higher salaries for those who work in Kansas City's Water Department's commercial office. They are paid from ten to twenty per cent less than those who perform similar duties in Cincinnati.

Where, enemies of the machine demand, does the money go?

Kansas City is perhaps the only city in the United States that has city management without having reaped the fruits of better government.

THE machine is brazen in its willingness to slug down any attempt to clean up its own rottenness.

When, following "Bloody Election Day" in 1934, an angry city councilman introduced an ordinance calling for an investigation of the breakdown of law-enforcement agencies that day; of the violation of the city charter by compelling city employees to contribute funds for political purposes; of the action of the police in permitting unlicensed motorcars to roam the city, filled with slugging, murdering hoodlums—he was promptly voted down by a majority of the councilmen present.

Any effort to clean up Kansas City or inquire into the reason for her continual griminess is promptly vetoed.

Faced, in 1934, with four corpses and scores of men and women victims of election sluggings, one councilman grudgingly admitted that the Police Department was derelict and that armed men *had* toured the streets of Kansas City, unhindered, in automobiles.

But, he intimated, he didn't think any criticism was justified by that. "We," he said self-righteously, "will clean up our own house, clean it up in our own way and in our own time."

He didn't set any date for this half-promised clean-up, and some everyday citizens decided not to wait.

The fragrance of Kansas City's civic cesspool had spread from the First Ward to the entire city, to Jackson County, to much of the State of Missouri, and was wafting its malodorous way toward Washington when these men decided they'd pitch in and help with the house cleaning that had never materialized.

They'd be laughed down as crackpot reformers or howled down as political snakes in this machine Eden. But they didn't care a continental. Doing something—anything—would be better than the spineless passive policy of letting the machine continue to ride roughshod over a citizenry too apathetic or too cowardly to protest. It was worth a try.

They looked about them.

The 1936 elections gave them their opportunity to launch the first concerted battle ever waged against the machine—a battle still going on.

A month and a half before the 1936 elections, the Kansas City Star put two reporters into the field to investigate pre-election crookedness. They found plenty. An examination of the registration lists showed a total of 270,000 voters. Kansas City, with a population of 400,000, could not conceivably have that many voters of legal age.

It has been said that no one ever dies in Kansas City. The Star reporters found this largely true. On the padded registration lists were the names of men and women who had been dead for years—but who still voted. They chased down other ghosts. They found twenty voters registered from a vacant lot; thirty from an unoccupied warehouse.

Before they had finished they were able to estimate that the machine had a book of from 60,000 to 75,000 ghosts who voted faithfully.

NO one was greatly excited by these revelations. The machine certainly was not. Carefully it restrained the murderous enthusiasm of its Election Day workers to avoid a repetition of the 1934 bloodshed. A few skulls were cracked, but there were no murders.

The machine voted its ghosts in (for it) orderly fashion and carried the 1936 election with a 100,000-vote lead.

But now the small group of men—most of them Republicans, all of them genuinely interested in putting in order the house of Kansas City—had decided that it was time to act.

The Star's exposé had roused them. They had that evidence—uncovered by the Star, laughed at by the machine. And they had a little evidence, on their own, of election crookedness.

Having evidence, in Kansas City, means nothing; finding a place to take it means everything. They gave a lot of thought to that.

Finally they agreed that in all of Kansas City there was one office into which the fingers of the machine could not reach.

It was the office of United States District Attorney Maurice Milligan.

They went there. They laid before him the facts they had accumulated. He listened sympathetically. He was a tall, middle-aged, well poised man with a clean-cut, square-jawed face. His eyes, wide-spaced, intelligent, grew thoughtful as he listened. Occasionally he spoke quietly in a resonant voice that hinted booming power. In movement and appearance he was vaguely reminiscent of the actor Walter Huston.

He agreed with them that a grand jury investigation was indicated. But . . .

The election crookedness of which they complained was more correctly a matter for the local courts. If there had been crimes, they grew out of a local situation. How could the federal government intervene?

How indeed? He assured them, the committee from the Citizens' League, that if he could discover any way in which his office could act in the matter, he would be glad to do so.

They left their evidence with him and went away, a little discouraged. They didn't expect anything to be done.

In that they were wrong. Maurice Milligan had tangled with the machine before. He hadn't always been too successful in those rough-and-tumble, no-holds-barred fights. But he'd picked up a lot of experience. He'd learned, in losing rounds, a few tricks himself.

Year after year—and openly—the machine had stolen elections. Year after year, with the local courts in its pocket, the machine had laughed at charges of crooked-

ness. Who was there to do anything about it?

Maurice Milligan wanted to do something about it. He was no dreamy-eyed reformer. And he was human enough to hate the machine for having knifed his brother, Jacob Milligan, defeated for the Senate by Pendergast's Harry Truman.

But, above all else, he was sick of the corruption, of the lawlessness that dominated a great city. He owed nothing to Pendergast, nothing to Pendergast's machine.

He knew that if he could only get into this fight, he could send Pendergast henchmen to prison in droves. But again the perplexing problem confronted him.

How could he, representing the federal government, intervene in what seemed a purely local situation?

His hands were tied.

But were they?

Milligan and his two chief assistants, Sam C. Blair and Randall Wilson, dug into the lawbooks in their office, seeking some wedge with which they could pry into the machine.

Assistant United States Attorneys Blair and Wilson are extremely capable, hard-working, and, like Milligan, courageous and honest. To them should go great credit for the fine battle they were soon to wage. It was characteristic of these three men that they did not stop until they found a weak spot in the armor of the machine.

Buried deep in the musty limbo of half-forgotten legislation, they came upon the old statute. It had been enacted by Congress after the Civil War; was designed for the protection of newly enfranchised Negroes. It read:

"If two or more persons conspire to injure any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution of the United States, they shall be fined and imprisoned."

They'd found their wedge. Milligan smiled grimly.

Now let the machine, so proud of its power to protect its own, try to keep its henchmen out of jail!

How did Milligan and his aides use that legal wedge in ripping open the 1936 vote frauds? How—in the very shadow of colossal corruption—could he impanel a dependable grand jury? What risks has he run? What rascalities has he uncovered? Do his victories augur a Kansas City clean-up? Don't miss the concluding article of this series in Liberty next week!

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by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ THE MAN FROM COOK'S
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Better smoking tobacco

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ed hair crowns Edythe Marriner, Brooklyn beauty who, ia modeling, went from dramatic school to Hollywood.



Photo from Thornton Model Agency

Enda Nicholson has French, Spanish, Danish blood. Came from an Ohio farm. Has been asked to double on screen for Merle Oberon.

Cinderella DE LUXE

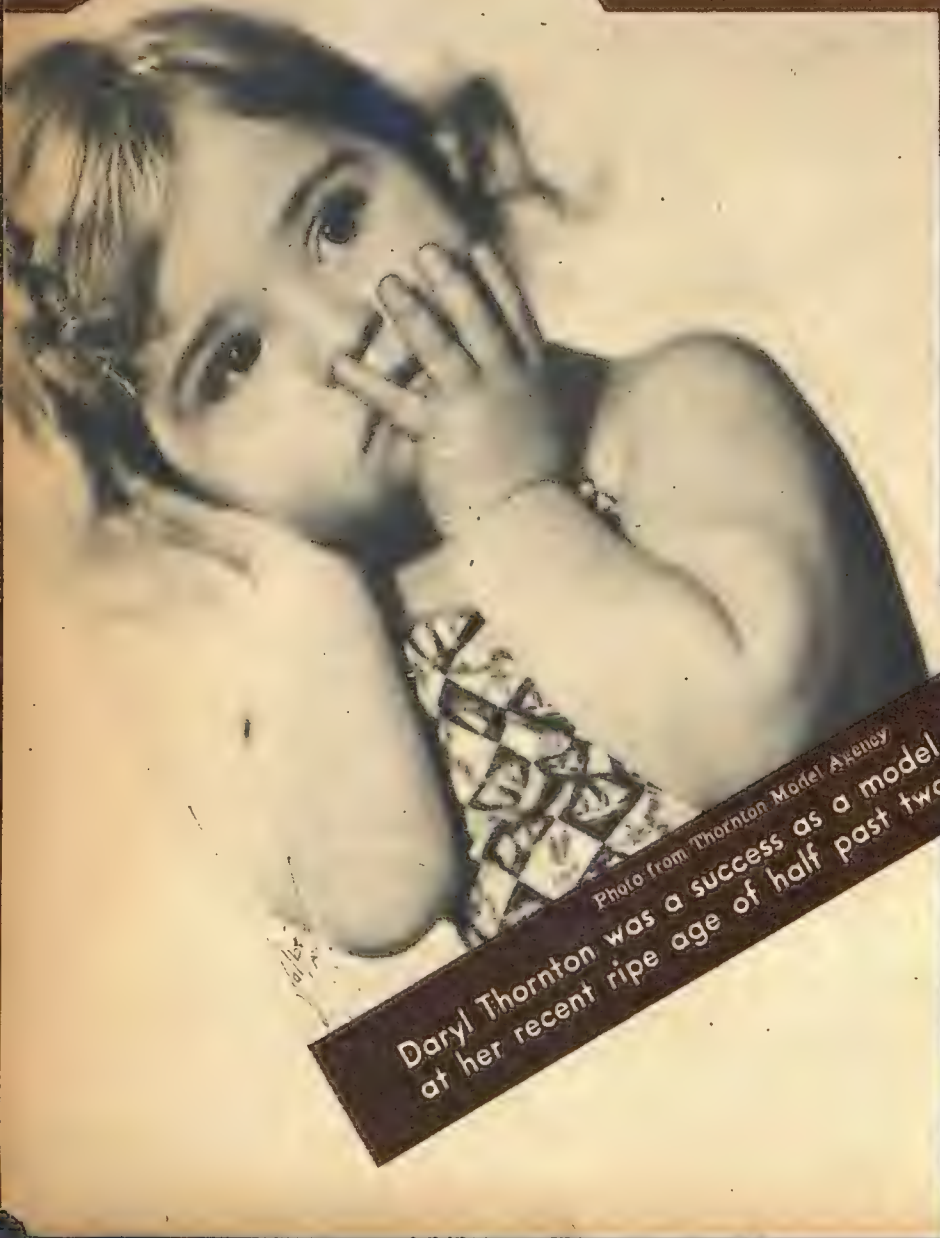


Photo from Thornton Model Agency

Daryl Thornton was a success as a model at her recent ripe age of half past two.

You'd know from her name that Sally Boon Fairfax was Virginia-born. She's a descendant of Lord Baltimore.





Once a plump juvenile, Phyllis Brooks now is a slim, glamorous stage and screen star.



Lucille Wilds as advertising model is called America's Star Salesman.



Vibrant, glowing Ethel Hare comes of fine old colonial Tennessee stock, suh

YOU may be a wonderfully pretty girl—but is yours the kind of prettiness that will photograph well? Can you wear a lapin coat and make it seem to be ermine? Can you register your emotions convincingly?

Beauty pours into the offices of leading model agencies just as it does into Hollywood. And yet, according to these agencies' master minds, not more than one girl in a thousand

has all it takes to become a successful model.

That one girl, however, is to be envied. The world's at her feet—or a handsome weekly slice of its ready cash is! Hers is a real-life Cinderella success story . . . and here you see ten such Cinderellas who have made the grade and ridden off in the pumpkin coach. Already several of these fortunate young beauties have answered the call of Hollywood.

Last year Kay Currivan got \$12 a week—now, modeling, \$200.



Tall, streamlined Corinne MacLennon was a governess not so very long ago.



Virginia Walker, Boston blue blood, stepped from modeling into a movie with Hepburn.



Photo from Thornton Model Agency

MISSING!
One grouch



★ The worst grouches go up in smiles when Star Single-edge Blades go in your razor. Star is so keen that wiry whiskers give up meekly—and tender skins bask in comfort. Lose that grouch—enjoy those shaves—invest a dime in 4 Star Blades—famous since 1880.

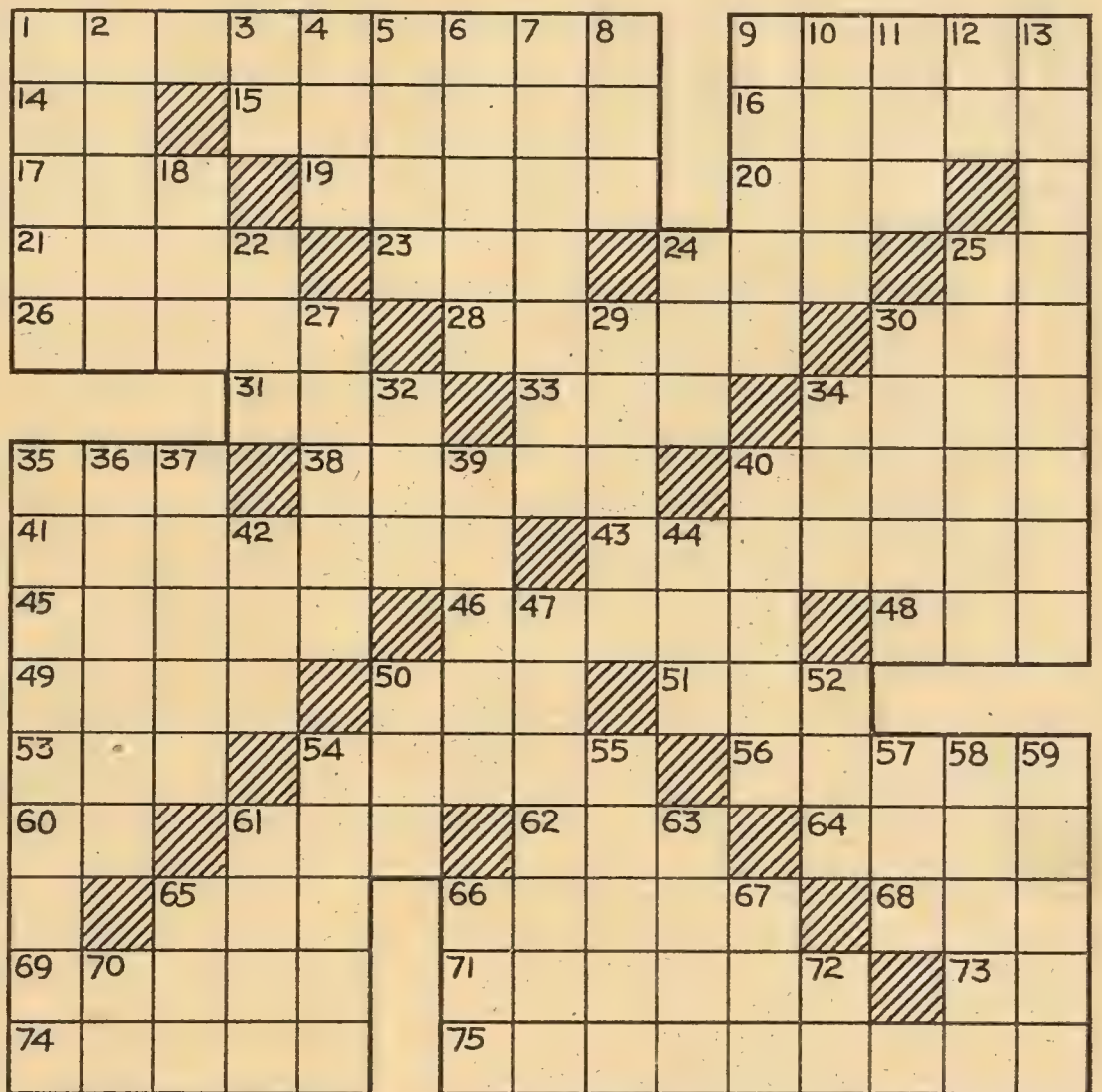
Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.



STAR
Blades 4 FOR 10¢
FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

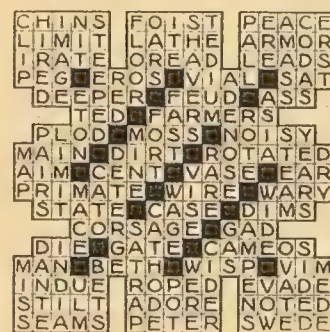
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 To bee, or not to bee: that was his problem
- 9 Doggonest place in the world
- 14 Where Howard Hughes usually stays
- 15 Great opponent of marriage (fem.)
- 16 Fight promoter
- 17 First dictator known to man (abbr.)
- 19 Ancient Gaelic instruments of torture
- 20 It's not very clear why, but the umpires called this strike
- 21 New England breakfasts
- 23 Railbird
- 24 Balaam's side-kick
- 25 It's big but minus an eye
- 26 What the morning's really made for
- 28 Disposition no weatherman has
- 30 Looking backward on this, we think it's awful silly
- 31 What drunkards have found water for centuries
- 33 Gross' pal
- 34 Just to remind you
- 35 Squawk from the boss
- 38 Veterans of many a bender
- 40 This feature's been packing them into the movie houses
- 41 Ruckus
- 43 V-Eight Dobbin
- 45 Soldier food
- 46 It's stuck in a lot of books and newspapers
- 48 It's both mined and matter
- 49 Twist it and people will start squawking, screaming, and carrying on something terrible
- 50 A rear propeller
- 51 She doesn't roll dough; she rolls in it
- 53 Ye Olde Greasy Spoon—with tablecloths
- 54 Whatever became of yours, buddy? Still have it?
- 56 Rat exterminator
- 60 Cry of youth (inits.)
- 61 All play and no work makes this



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 62 After the girls dish it out, they dish it out
- 64 Cut it out!
- 65 Who has this has everything
- 66 Peaceful people living quietly near Great Britain
- 68 Lamb's criticism
- 69 It's a big question whose going to win this race
- 71 It's bad to be driven by them, they're so nutty
- 73 Another Roosevelt (abbr.)
- 74 It's a sad story, folks, and you'll never live to hear it
- 75 They'll never give you a pain—unless the neighbors take theirs too late

VERTICAL

- 1 The bouncy-wouncies
- 2 She's the cryingest gal
- 3 A city in two states (abbr.)
- 4 Nuts! to grandfather
- 5 The Times (pl.)
- 6 Dictators with fiddles
- 7 King of the Dunkers
- 8 What Dewey adds to a criminal's life (abbr.)
- 9 Meet Patricia informally here
- 10 The end of a bonus

- 11 "Well—er—that is—I mean—er—yes and no!" (Siwash)
- 12 The west end of Nebraska
- 13 Home of the mustard plaster on rye
- 18 To —, or not to —: that is the poker problem
- 22 Get together after renting a place
- 24 Picnic enthusiast
- 25 Noisiest town in New England
- 27 This is extremely dangerous for you puzzlers! Careful!
- 29 They're starting to rent in the South but are terribly high
- 30 Dobbin in technicolor
- 32 Also
- 34 Cry of the railbird
- 35 She held five of a kind
- 36 Where office folk pick up poison ivy, charley horse and ant sandwiches
- 37 Big sinker
- 39 The kind of suit grandpa wears
- 40 Fisherman's breath
- 42 Allow in reverse
- 44 Anybody who fails to agree with you
- 47 Nonintervening, and means it
- 50 The fat man's burden
- 52 Here's where you lie, and lie, and lie
- 54 73 across' favorite expression
- 55 French flower
- 57 Dining room that is full of flies
- 58 Stir up the happy juice
- 59 After twenty-eight of them, a woman finds it hard to stand another
- 61 Grand old rag
- 63 The bite that Japan's choking on
- 65 Hail from heaven
- 66 Isn't he the little devil!
- 67 Well accounted for at the bank
- 70 Gentleman well acquainted with the late Ring Lardner
- 72 Ahem—abbreviated Shimmering Underthings! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

PERFECT CONTROL

BY ROY HILLIGOSS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES

WE were playing the game all over again in the Delta Kap cardroom—Haig Summers, Johnny Akob, and I. Most everybody else from the house was down at Dinty's, letting spiked beer send that 13-7 spanking into temporary oblivion. But we were Steve's special friends; we had to wait for him and see how tough he was taking it, and whether that conk on the head was going to be O. K.

"What a break!" Haig was grumbling. "Seven to six right up to the end—then poor Steve gets smeared and State cracks up. . . ."

The doorbell rang and I went out to answer it. It was a short elderly guy with glasses. He smiled at me.

"Stephen Bristol resides here, I believe," he said. "May I see him for a moment?"

"He's not here now," I told him. "But we're expecting him any minute. Is it important?"

"Oh, quite important," he assured me. So I led him back to the cardroom. He said his name was Jonathan Spencer, but it didn't mean anything to me; I just introduced him to Haig and Johnny as Mr. Spencer and pointed out a chair in one corner. Then we went on talking.

"Steve's last game, too," Haig said.

"Wonder how he'll take it," Johnny mused—as if he hadn't ever seen how Steve took beatings.

Our visitor spoke up. "That's just what I'm wondering—how he'll take it."

"What's it to you?" Haig said.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you probably were aware of my identity and of the purpose of this call. I'm Dr. Jonathan Spencer, president of Oakton."

Stunned! We sat there mentally kicking ourselves. Here Steve's greatest ambition was to land a coaching job just opened at Oakton; then the president himself shows up and we treat him like a peddler!

"I've just about decided to engage Mr. Bristol as our football coach," Spencer went on. "The fact that he was knocked out this afternoon in the last quarter and that State lost is in no way a detriment."

"You're going to hire him?" Haig said eagerly.

"In all probability. But I'm anxious to see his reaction to the defeat.



ILLUSTRATED BY LORENCE DRESSEN

We're rather peculiar at Oakton. Oakton men must be thorough sportsmen. They must win with modesty and lose without rancor. Naturally, their coach must be a man who can instill that spirit. I'm sorry, of course, that your team lost today; nevertheless it certainly affords me an excellent opportunity to determine Mr. Bristol's character."

Mind you, each of us knew exactly how Steve was going to talk and act when he came in. Steve was one swell guy, make no mistake about that. But he hated to take a licking any time; and when the game was for the conference championship and he was the captain. . . . One eye-and-earful of him would send this Spencer guy hotfoot out after another coach.

And we couldn't let that happen. Steve was ready to give his passing arm for this job.

"Johnny," I said, "mind stepping out here a minute? I've got a message for you." I took him out in the hall and whispered, "Tear over to that stadium and put Steve wise to this!"

In fifteen minutes Johnny came back looking grim. "Missed him," he said under his breath. I groaned—

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Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

▲

ON THE AIR

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TUNE IN!

and just then in came Steve himself. There was a hush as we waited for the storm to break.

It never broke. Steve's ruddy face was as good-natured as ever. He greeted us all cheerfully and gave Spencer a broad, friendly grin. When I introduced them he shook hands and sat right down beside him for a heart-to-heart talk.

"Hope you enjoyed the game, Dr. Spencer," he said. "I've been hoping to meet you soon. Frankly, I've had my heart set on coaching at Oakton. I'm no whirlwind, but I think I could do a real job for you."

Spencer was eying him with approval.

"Sorry I had to take that run-out powder in the fourth quarter, sir," Steve went on, gingerly feeling the bandage around his head. "But . . ." He shrugged and smiled.

"I'd seen enough to convince me by that time," Spencer said. "And this little meeting is all the extra proof I need. Bristol, take a nice vacation, then come down to Oakton. I'll be ready to talk terms with you."

He bowed to us and walked out, Steve going with him to the door. We three gaped at each other.

The phone rang. It was Charley Williams, the team's doctor. He wanted to know if Steve got home O. K.

"Sure," I said. "Is he going to be all right, Doc?"

"It was quite a sock. He didn't come to till we got to the hospital. But a good night's sleep and he'll be in top shape. So you Delta Kaps lay off the game till tomorrow. You see, we didn't tell him State lost."

I hung up and turned around. "Perfect control!" I gasped. "Imagine modesty like that from a guy who thinks he's captain of the conference champs!"

THE END

LOSE THE WOMAN !

Mystery deepens in a gripping tale of tangled loves and haunted lives

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

TRYING to forget a married woman with whom he has had an affair, Lawrence March, a not-too-successful author, fled to Acapulco, in Mexico. Then, suddenly, one morning, while he is sitting outside a café, the woman, Trudie Bechtel, and her middle-aged husband approach his table.

March and Bechtel have never met, and when they do meet now, casually, as strangers who share the same table for a drink, March does not reveal that he knows Trudie. He gets a chance to speak to her alone for a moment, however, while Bechtel is seeing to his luggage, and asks her to run away with him. She refuses, saying that while she loves him, she hasn't the courage to face poverty. Then, just before Bechtel returns, she remarks coolly, "I have a better answer." The implication in this assertion shocks March.

While they are drinking together they are joined by Curtis Frazier, a typical tropical adventurer who has just flown to Mexico in his plane. Bechtel and Frazier meet as strangers, but later Noel Hawkins, a half-Negro, half-Mexican guide, tells March that he saw the two talking together earlier. Why did they pretend they did not know each other? Why had Bechtel come to Acapulco? What did Trudie mean when she said she had a "better answer"?

Larry is pondering these questions when he meets Glenda Neil, a lovely ethereal young poet who is staying at the *pension* where he lives. With an overpowering desire to escape from Trudie and the rest, he takes Glenda's arm and starts toward his car.

PART TWO—TRUDIE SHOWS HER HAND

I HELD the car door for Glenda; she stepped in and I walked around and got in beside her. I shoved the key into the ignition lock but didn't turn it. "You don't have to leave," I said. "I just used you as an excuse to get away."

"Why run?" Glenda asked quietly. "She wouldn't eat you, would she? Why don't you stay and face it out?"

"Frankly, I don't feel up to it. That murder this morning, with Trudie busting in right on top of it, has left me with a swell case of jitters, and I'm afraid I might do something or say something that wouldn't be so hot. For reasons other than the obvious one of being in love with his wife, I hate Ben Bechtel's guts."

Glenda made no reply.

"Look, Glenda. If you'd rather stay here—" I reached down and turned on the ignition.

"I'd rather go back to Don Manuel's and have lunch and a siesta. Were you going to Caleta or were you going to town?"

"No, I've seen enough of that town for a while. That 'death in the dust' sort of got me. Let's go get something to eat."

Without a backward glance I drove out of the palm grove and over the hill to Caleta. Don Manuel's *pension* stands right at the edge of the white beach. Sitting in front of it, under the wide tiled roof that covers the big dining terrace, you have a view of the smooth blue bay and the long high green island which shelters it from the open sea. There is a long row of deck chairs in the shade in front.

We found Norma Considine in one of the chairs. Norma was about thirty, and a little fat, and plain as a paper towel. She should have had about six children of

her own to mother; instead she browbeat a physical-education class in a Bronx high school—when she wasn't taking a leave of absence to ride herd on Glenda Neil.

How they had met, or why they were friends, or what they had in common, Glenda had never told me. But there they were in Acapulco together, this young, pretty, rather ethereal-looking and thoroughly worldly genius of a poetess and this dowdy, grumpy gym teacher.

Norma was alone, except for four or five Mexican guests of the *pension* who had never been more than a shadowy "*buenos dias*" to us Americans. Before she could start making any cracks, I said: "Where are Maida and Phillipson? I thought they were having hysterics all over the beach."

Norma looked hard at Glenda. "I thought you went to the fiesta." Her small black eyes were smoldering.

"I did," Glenda answered casually; she never took Norma's insinuations or checkings-up very seriously.

"But I ran into Larry, and we were both bored, and we came back here for lunch and a siesta. D'you mind?"

"Maida and her drunken paramour took the bus out

half an hour ago to the fiesta."

"I guess we missed them in the mob," Glenda said. "Well, how about some food?"

We had an interminable lunch. The service was terrible, Norma was in one of her sarcastic moods, Glenda was thoughtfully silent, and the Mexicans, who had been getting on my nerves for quite a while, laughed and chattered incessantly.

Then and there I decided I could get along very well without Acapulco. I was through.

As soon as it was cool, along about sundown, I'd be on my way.

It was a hasty decision, but it wasn't hard to make.

"Somebody," she pronounced very quietly, "is going to kill him."



ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

He who fights and runs away—is a sap. How much less stupid not to fight at all!

After lunch the girls went to their room and I strolled over to the bar. With two brandies under my belt, I went to my room and packed my belongings in less than ten minutes. I knew that if I was going to travel most of the night to reach Cuernavaca, or even Taxco, I ought to get a few hours' sleep. But the drinks I'd had with Frazier and Bechtel, along with the brandy, had me wide awake, so I walked down the corridor and knocked on the girls' door. Norma asked, "Who is it, please?"

"It's Larry, *darling*."

"If you're drunk again, you get out of here!"

Glenda called: "What is it, Larry?"

"I'm going for a swim. My *last* swim in Acapulco. I'd like to have you come along."

I heard Norma whispering. Finally Glenda called: "I'll be with you in three minutes."

"Fine. I'll meet you on the beach. We may swim over to the island."

"If you try to make this girl swim over to the island

I'll kill you," Norma screamed in her hoarse contralto.

Some Mexican in the next room was yelling at me in Spanish. I suppose I was disturbing his siesta.

"Listen, Norma," I yelled. "That girl can swim circles around me. And if I'm willing to take a chance swimming to the island, you needn't worry about her."

"Larry March, if you dare—"

I left her and the Mexican yelling—I hoped at each other before long—and went back to get into my trunks. Glenda found me at the bar drinking another brandy.

"Have one?" I asked.

"Just one. Larry, you shouldn't bait Norma like that."

"But I don't like Norma."

"Why not? She's all right—in her way."

I could forget Norma without an effort. "Isn't it funny? Here you and I have been virtually living together for five weeks and—"

"How many brandies have you had?"

"This is just my third since lunch—and here I am, leaving Acapulco within a few hours, and I suddenly discover you're lovely in that white bathing suit, or in your blue bathing suit, or even—"

Glenda was blushing and it seemed nice, for a change, to see a woman of twenty-five who still could blush.

"I guess it's fate," I wandered on, nodding to the barmaid to fill my glass again. "I guess it's my destiny—to be around a girl for weeks, and then, just when I'm shoving off, to discover she is very beautiful and very desirable. It must be the climate."

"Or the beer and Scotch and brandy and aguardiente you've been drinking since you landed."

We had, so far as I could see, the whole wide blue bay to ourselves. Glenda's swimming was so effortless and smooth you'd think anybody could do it. I'd told the truth when I'd said she could swim circles around me.

Once we were out in the half-mile channel that separates the island from the mainland, I was virtually sober again. It was a little choppy here and the current was running strong. Glenda rolled on her side and said:

"Are you really going to ask me to swim to the island?"

"Suppose I did?"

"Well, I'd probably be fool enough to try it."

"Good kid. You're not afraid of anything, are you? Don't you know there are sharks out here in the channel?"

"Darling, there are so many tasty fish out here that no shark would ever dull his teeth on me."

"Meaning that you're pretty tough? Well, maybe you are. You certainly haven't any phobias."

We were coasting along on our sides now, facing each other, taking it lazily.

"No, I don't think I have a phobia in my make-up," she said slowly. "You're probably right. I'm stupid enough not to be afraid of anything."

I knew she was watching me, but the salt water in my eyes was convenient; I didn't have to meet her gaze.

"I know what you're thinking, of course." I tried to keep my voice casual, to keep the bitterness out of it. "You're thinking that I'm pretty much of a heel and a coward. And you may be right. Only you don't know Trudie. She's not just another bored wife looking for a thrill. She's a fine girl. She's a thoroughbred."

"She looks it, Larry."



"And she hasn't had a very happy life. She was married when she was seventeen, to a wealthy rounder twice her age who put in the highest bid.

"Her father, who was a big shot in some oil company, killed himself in '31. His insurance had lapsed after the crash and he left a wife and four kids and about a hundred grand in liabilities. Trudie was the oldest. . . . Well, what would you have done?"

"What she did, probably. I'd have found myself a wealthy husband and tried to make the best of it."

"And suppose your wealthy husband proved to be a drunk and a sadist and an all-round louse?"

"Then I'd have divorced him and soaked him for a handsome settlement."

"So far, fine. But suppose your husband's money was tied up in an estate in such a way that the courts couldn't touch it?"

"Then," Glenda said promptly, "I'd have still done as she did. I'd have found a handsome sweetheart."

"You put it pretty cold-bloodedly, Glenda. Handsome sweetheart! It wasn't like that at all. She didn't go out looking for a boy friend. And if she wanted a handsome one, she'd certainly never have picked on me. I tell you she's a thoroughbred, not a tramp."

"I didn't think she was, Larry. If she loves you, there's only one thing to do. Over the hill to Taxco."

"That's odd. It's exactly what I suggested this morning. But she's had so much for so long that she's afraid to risk running off with a more or less penniless, more or less unsuccessful, novelist."

"Then," Glenda retorted, "she doesn't love you such a lot."

"I didn't think you'd understand, but I wish you could."

"Why?"

"Oh, I'd just feel better about it all. You see, in a way, Trudie is a lot like Maida del Roche was. Maida had everything. All kinds of money, position, clothes, cars, a swell home in Hollywood and a beach house at Malibu—everything in the world. And now—with nothing but one dress and a lot of debts—now where is she? On the beach at Acapulco."

"Poor, poor Maida."

"You don't seem very sorry for Maida."

"Why should I? She's not much over thirty. She still has her looks, a good education, better than average brains. If she wants to go chasing will-o'-the-wisps around the country, it's her own affair."

"She had a good idea in coming down here. The kind of picture she wants to take would sell for a lot of dough, would put her on her feet again."

"Fine. I hope she gets the pictures and makes a million. But in the meantime I'm not going to waste many tears on Maida. She was offered a good position in the wardrobe department with one of the big movie studios, you know."

WE were getting a long way from shore and the island seemed no nearer, but I didn't care.

"I guess it's hard for people like us, who have never had very much," I remarked, "to put ourselves in the place of a woman who has had everything and then loses it. Anyway, it isn't solely on account of Trudie that I'm pulling out of Acapulco tonight."

I told her about Curtis Frazier, the pilot. And I told her what Noel had said about the meeting between Frazier and Ben Bechtel, and how they had pretended to be strangers when I introduced them.

Glenda turned on her back and floated for a while. She looked worried, but I knew she wasn't worrying about getting ashore. We seemed to be about midway between the island and Playa Caleta, and the current was carrying us slowly but inexorably to sea.

A wave of panic swept over me for an instant. And then I looked at Glenda, lying calmly at ease, and most of the panic went away.

"If we're bright," I said finally, "we'll head back to shore."

"It seems odd, doesn't it?" Glenda replied, still floating.

"What seems odd?"

"That Frazier and Bechtel would show up in Acapulco on the same day and deny—which is virtually what it amounted to—knowing each other. What is your guess?"

"I haven't made one."

"How far do you trust Noel?"

"I'd trust him with my last dime. I've seen a lot of him since I've been down here and I've never caught him in a lie or a gyp. Besides, a story like that isn't the sort of thing a kid would make up."

"You'd hardly think so. How much have you told him about you and Trudie?"

"Nothing. But he's been smart enough to surmise quite a bit. He often gets my mail for me and he's seen me tear up several of her letters without opening them. And then, this morning, when I first saw her, I guess I showed my surprise, because Noel suspected who she was."

"He's a bright boy. But I still don't see why he'd make up such a story. There's no point to it, no motive."

"I couldn't see any, either. And that, really, is why I'm leaving. I know that Ben Bechtel is vicious, vindictive, and jealous of his wife. If he's found out about Trudie and me, there is no telling what he may have in mind. Listen. Will you please start—"

A WAVE slapped me in the face and I couldn't finish. When I'd blinked the water out of my eyes Glenda was still on her back. She was saying:

"... seem to foul, somehow, the lovely blue sky. It would be such a relief if we looked up some time and found them gone. But they're always there, patient and obscene. You know, the only time I like to look at the sky is at night—when you can't see them. But they must be there, wheeling in their endless circles. They're too evil, surely, ever to sleep."

"Vultures only sleep when they're thoroughly gorged."

"Look here, darling. I think you're very wise in leaving Acapulco. I hate to see you go. I'll miss you. But I think you're doing the right thing."

All the lightness had gone out of her voice; she sounded frightened. I slid over beside her, turned on my back and took her hand.

"A while ago," I said quietly, "you practically called me a coward for running."

"I know I did and I'm sorry. But I've just thought of something. Do you know the Mexican word for vulture?"

"*Zopilote*, isn't it?"

"Yes. And the word for pilot?"

"*Piloto*."

"Doesn't it strike you they are strangely alike?"

Her hand tightened over mine, and I sensed, rather than felt, a slow shiver run over her body.

"Glenda, we've got to start back. Do you realize how far the tide has carried us?"

"Does it matter?" she came back gaily.

"Listen, girl. Perhaps you'd like to take the easiest way and just start swimming into the sunset. That's your privilege, but as far as I'm concerned I choose to live."

She laughed and turned on her side.

"Silly, you don't really think we have to swim back to the beach, do you?"

"Well, I'd say we have to swim back or drown."

"Look."

I raised up a little and followed her pointing arm. Hovering about a hundred yards away between us and the beach was a rowboat manned by a fuzzy-haired Negrito. Norma, looking sulky, weighed down the stern.

"I might have known," I said, my anxiety turning to pique over having to accept help from Norma. "And of course you knew all the time she'd chase us in a boat. Dear, good, thoughtful Norma. I hope she chokes."

"Not before she picks us up you don't hope she chokes," Glenda laughed. "And didn't you think I was brave, letting the current carry us clear out here?"

"I thought you were nuts. And maybe I still think so."

We swam over to the rowboat, climbed aboard. The Negrito swung it around and headed shoreward with long lazy strokes. Norma's disapproving eyes swept over

Glenda's slim brown body on which goose pimples were showing.

"You're cold," she asserted.

"Not very. Just a little tired. We swam quite a long way."

"I don't suppose you brought us a drink," I growled.

"You've had quite enough drinks, Larry. And so has Glenda. The two of you must have been pretty tight to risk your lives out here in the channel. If I hadn't followed you, you would most certainly have drowned."

"Oh, dry up!" I said impatiently. "We're grateful to you for picking us up, but we're not so pleased at being followed every place we go. Don't you ever get tired riding herd? Glenda's old enough to know her way around without being spied on all the time and made to put on her rubbers and told not to take another drink and warned to keep out of dark places with men like me."

"Glenda is a genius," Norma retorted sharply. "And, like most geniuses—"

"You're nuts, my frand. Glenda is a normal young woman. Just because she's won a lot of prizes with her verse, and is hailed by the critics as the greatest of the younger American poets, doesn't mean she has to have a guardian."

"Please, Larry!" Glenda admonished.

"If I hadn't followed you with a boat—" Norma began.

"That's right. Keep harping!" I exploded. "I told you we were grateful. Can't you forget it?"

"You know very well," she persisted, "you were too exhausted to swim ashore, or even to make the island."

"And who are you to tell us about swimming? We could have made the island easily by sundown."

"There's no boat there."

"We'd have spent the night with the lighthouse keeper and you'd have sent a boat in the morning."

"And wouldn't that have looked nice!" Norma sneered. "A woman of Glenda Neil's prominence

spending the night on a lonely island with *you*! What do you think *that* would do to her reputation?"

"You old maids should know! You certainly have low enough minds!"

"Larry!" Glenda broke in sharply, sitting up indignantly. "That should be enough."

"Oh, don't stop him," Norma said acidly. "When a man gets such a vicarious thrill out of his vulgar mouthings as Larry—"

"Listen, baby! When I feel the need of a thrill I don't have to descend to the vicarious."

Norma sniffed. She looked me straight in the eye and said: "So I understand." Her black eyes were smugly triumphant. "When you feel the need of a thrill you go out with some married woman—such as Mrs. Bechtel."

That stopped me dead in my tracks.

How in heaven's name does Norma Considine know about me and Trudie Bechtel?

For an instant I couldn't think, couldn't believe my ears. And then it came to me: Glenda has talked. While I was packing she told Norma all about it.

I could feel the color draining out of my face as a wave of white-hot anger swept over me. Not anger alone, but pain and disappointment and disillusionment.

I glanced at Glenda. I'm glad, now, she couldn't see the hate and loathing I took no pains to hide. I'm glad she was staring at Norma as though she too couldn't believe she'd heard aright.

"What are you talking about?" Glenda gasped.

I knew then she wasn't acting, trying to cover herself. Her amazement, her disbelief were too sincere. And even before Norma could reply the thought struck me:

This is worse. It was bad enough that Glenda should have told her. But that she's found out from some other source is, for me, a lot worse.

You see, until I met Glenda Neil and Norma Considine at Don Manuel's *pension*, I had never seen them before. They hailed from New York and I from San Francisco, and we had no mutual friends. Furthermore, not even my closest acquaintances knew of Trudie.

Glenda repeated: "What are you talking about, Norma?"

Norma looked aloofly and triumphantly over our heads. "You wouldn't know, Glenda," she said, and added nastily, "Unless our Mr. March has been such a cad as to brag to you of his conquests."

I had come off a bad second in my tilt with Norma Considine. I should have recognized the fact, quit sneering at her, and tried to get in her good graces. It was vital that I should know where she'd picked up her information about Trudie Bechtel.

All that, of course, is easy enough to see now. But at the time I was too shocked at her abrupt revelation.

The Negrito grounded the boat on the beach in front of Don Manuel's.

"Thanks for the lift, Norma," I said, and started for the *pension*.

Glenda was right beside me, leaving Norma to haggle with the boatman over his fee.

"Where did she pick it up?" I demanded.

"I haven't the faintest idea, Larry."

"Will you ask her?"

"Of course I'll ask her."

But Norma is pretty close-

mouthed anyway. And if she thinks she can irritate you by refusing to talk, she'll probably refuse."

We had been walking barefooted across the beach toward the *pension*, our eyes on the sand to avoid stepping on a piece of coral. I didn't happen to look up until I heard a hearty if somewhat thick voice:

"Nice work, March. Where'd you find the beautiful mermaid?"

Lined up in the deck chairs on the edge of the dining terrace were Ben and Trudie Bechtel, Curtis Frazier, Maida del Roche and Durham Phillipson.

I kept my arm around Glenda and said: "I'm glad you admire my taste. I want you to meet Glenda Neil."

I introduced them. Trudie's eyebrows rose a little and she seemed properly awed; but the name of Glenda Neil plainly meant nothing to Bechtel and Frazier.

"You look cold," Maida said. "Can't I order you a drink, Glenda?"

Bechtel frowned at her, apparently nettled that a woman should suggest buying a drink in his presence. "Haven't I kept them coming fast enough?"

Norma came striding up from the beach, glaring impersonally at the whole crowd of us. She said:

"Aren't you going to get your clothes on, Glenda?"



"Can you transfer me to another department?
It's my hay fever!"

Glenda went a little white around the lips and very deliberately sat down beside Frazier.

"Do you know these people, Norma?" she asked.

"Yes. We met a while ago," and she walked on across the terrace toward the corridor leading to her room.

"Friendly sort," Bechtel grunted. "Where's that waiter? What'll you have, Miss Neil?"

"A George Washington, please," Glenda said.

"A which? What's a George Washington?"

We laughed then, all of us old-timers—a month in Acapulco makes you an old-timer. Our laughing broke the tension a little. I slid into a chair.

"It happened," I said, "a couple of weeks ago. Miss Neil and I showed up at the bar with a morning-after thirst and demanded a Cuba Libre, which, as you know, is coke and Bacardi. But there was no Bacardi, so I told the boy to mix the coke with aguardiente and add a dash of lime juice. It proved to be a very good drink. We had another one, and Miss Neil happened to look at the calendar over the bar and said, 'Why, today is Washington's Birthday. What can we do to celebrate it?' I said, 'We've already done something which will go down in history. We have invented a very potently palatable libation. And we're going to call it a George Washington.' Today you can walk into any cantina in Acapulco and order a George Washington, and you'll get a hearty laugh and a mixture of coke, aguardiente, and lime juice."

Bechtel roared a lot more loudly, it seemed to me, than the situation demanded. He hastily counted noses, yelled: "Pepe! Seven George Washingtons!"

Phillipson, interrupted by our arrival, went on with a story, concentrating on Bechtel and occasionally waving for emphasis a slopping Scotch-and-soda.

"You see, old man, this squint-eye was right behind me, shooting over my shoulder. I shoved aside and told him to move into my place and he was so grateful I thought he was going to kiss me. He must have shot fully a hundred feet of film.

"Now, of course, the tourists didn't know it, but those two roosters live together. They are the very best of friends. And to be dragged out of their pen every two weeks, tossed into a ring during the siesta hour and urged to fight for the enlightenment of several hundred American tourists—" Phillipson shook his head sadly and took a husky swig of his Scotch-and-soda.

"Well, after these sad flea-bitten sleepy roosters had cuffed each other a few times and called it quits, this squint-eye turned and faced the crowd. I wish you could have seen him. His smile was beatific as he cried triumphantly: 'I got every bit of it! And in color, too!'"

"That's right, Phil," Maida said above the general laughter. "Make fun of the squint-eyes, as you call them. But don't forget you were a squint-eye before you turned pro, and probably a tourist too. Where is that Pepe?"

Pepe came finally with the drinks.

Bechtel took a deep draft; said: "Very good, March. You and Miss Neil did the world a notable service when you invented the George Washington. I shall make it my standard drink as long as I am in Acapulco."

"Then you're staying?"

"Oh, yes. We've moved out here, bag and baggage." I could feel him watching me and, without looking at him, I sensed his bloodshot eyes were mean and hostile. "Frazier and I are planning a hunting trip down the coast. Care to come along?"

"I wouldn't mind. I'll think about it."

Sure I'd think about it—on the way to Taxco.

Glenda finished her drink and rose. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Bechtel. I'm going to put on some clothes."

I excused myself and followed her.

Glenda was waiting for me at the door of her room.

"Are you going?" she asked quietly.

"On that hunting trip? Don't be silly. I'll be in Cuernavaca before daylight, Mexico City for breakfast, and Morelia before dark tomorrow night. Will you write me? Lista de Correos, Morelia."

She dropped her eyes. "I'll write, Larry. And I'm glad you're going. Are you still planning—to be in New York in the fall?"

"Positively. I'll be there if I have to hitchhike."

She raised her eyes and my heart bumped a little when I saw they were misty.

"Good luck, Glenda. And look. Please tell Norma I'm sorry I was so nasty. You can explain later that I was in kind of a jam and wasn't myself."

She gave my hand a hard squeeze, said: "*Vaya con Dios, Larry,*" and hurriedly went into her room.

I continued down the hallway to my own room and got into my clothes. My bill at the *pension* was paid up for three more days. I could gas up in Acapulco and cash my money order with Cooper's Express. I'd find Noel in the plaza and give him a few pesos for guiding me around.

Beyond a mild disappointment at not finding out more about Curtis Frazier, I had no regrets at taking French leave—because whenever I thought about staying I saw those vultures circling around, and they were getting on my nerves.

Stuffing my bathing suit into a Gladstone, I took one last look around the room to see that I'd missed nothing. And just at that moment I heard a quiet knock on the door. I opened it and there was Trudie. She came in without a word, closed the door behind her. She looked so unhappy, and so appallingly lovely in her unhappiness, that I could feel my heart turning to water.

YOU'RE not in love with her, are you, Larry?"

She seemed frightened, and hurt, and very lonely.

"Glenda? Of course not," I said quickly. "I've only known her since I've been down here. We've played around a bit, but we're just good friends."

Seeing the relief that came into her dark eyes, and thinking of the rotten trick I was about to play on her, I began to have a guilty feeling.

"Have you been thinking over my suggestion that we run off together?" I asked.

She shook her head, and the hurt look went out of her eyes and they were hard, almost brutal, vengeful.

"That's not my way out, Larry. I want to show you something."

She pulled her dress off her right shoulder. The flesh was a mass of greenish-purple bruises. On her leg she showed me a bruise as big as my two hands.

"When I go swimming," she said bitterly, "I'll have to tell people I fell during some rough weather on the ship. I've become very good, Larry, at making up lies."

"When did he start that?"

"A long time ago. Only lately he forgets to use the flat of his hand. He's been drinking so much."

"Somebody ought to kill him!"

The look in her lovely eyes made my stomach crawl.

"Somebody," she pronounced very quietly, "is going to kill him."

Then she pulled the dress back over her bruised shoulder, turned, and said: "See you at dinner, Larry."

She had been too preoccupied to notice that I was packed to leave.

I stood there for a little while after she had gone, ready one instant to stay there and see it through; ready the next to get in my car and call an end to it.

In arriving at a decision, understand, I had completely forgotten about Curtis Frazier. Thinking of it afterward, I was glad I'd forgotten him—because my course, even if I had been able to go through with it, would have seemed a little less cowardly.

You see, I didn't leave Acapulco that night. When I reached in my pocket for the keys to my car they were gone. A hasty search of the room, of my bags, of the car and of the path between the parking lot and the *pension* proved unavailing.

My money, my papers, everything else was intact. But the keys had disappeared. There was no locksmith in Acapulco and no possibility of shorting the ignition around the lock; I had tried that trick unsuccessfully once before when I had lost my keys. So—like it or not—I was staying in Acapulco.

What sinister meaning lies behind the missing keys? Is there a plot afoot to keep March from leaving Acapulco? Mystery deepens, new hazards appear in the coming chapter of this colorful exciting novel of Americans in the tropics. Read it in next week's *Liberty*.

VACATIONS FROM PRISON!

Is this liberalism with common sense? A look at a new deal for convicts

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HERE is what Commissioner William J. Ellis, recently president of the American Prison Association, says of our penal institutions: "The distinguishing features of 85 per cent of the jails in the country are filth, herding together of convicted criminals and persons awaiting trial, the mingling of well and foully diseased, the universal idleness. Men and women are penned up for months on end with nothing to do except to exchange experiences with their fellow prisoners. The result is a constant stream of degraded and debauched manhood and womanhood returned to the community."

Many will retort that coddling prisoners breeds crime. But, necessary though it is to protect ourselves, it remains true, that prison routine wrecks men and women for every normal relationship when they come out again, and unfits them for ordinary habits of work.

Our prisons, surveys show, empty themselves every ten years, through completion of sentences, probation, parole. Most of those within the gray stone walls come out. A study of the hundred-odd prisons and 3,500 jails in the country, made for the Guggenheim Foundation, has revealed that the principal preoccupations among inmates in all are with the twin topics of crime and sex.

Half of the occupants of our prisons are between eighteen and thirty-five years, at the height of their physical and mental capabilities. No contact with normal life, with normal living activity, is permitted. In one jail, where 1,800 men are kept, work is given to one hundred lucky ones. The rest wait drearily for the days to go by. They have only their thoughts—hatreds, fears, desires. That is the reason, say those who know, why prison riots blaze.

Once a month visitors are allowed. But talk is through a wire screen or across a table. Guards stand by. Visitors go. And the empty days follow again, filled with vice, dope, talk of crime.

How can the law exact the punishment an offender must pay and yet let him keep in touch with normal life, so that when released he'll be able to readjust himself?

Is the prison furlough an answer?



It is already in use. Every Christmas, Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama has been allowing about 500 men and women, long-term convicts, to go home for a holiday. Two weeks later they're behind bars again. With rare exceptions, they keep their word.

President Judge Paul N. Schaeffer of Pennsylvania has long been granting furloughs to convicts. There was

to take their place in society again. None left the 'Farm' without permission from the superintendent. I have felt this was very good pre-parole experience and gave those allowed the privilege something to aspire to. Privileges of this sort did more toward maintaining discipline on the 'Farm' than punishment."

One woman allowed to work in town earned enough to pay for a beauty course when free. Many supported families partly during the depression. Frances—not her real name, of course—was a typical case. Sentenced for robbery, and allowed to work in a town house, she met a young carpenter doing a job there. He fell in love with her. She is now out on parole, reporting to Judge Smith—but her children do not know it. She married her carpenter and is an honest, loyal wife.

Is the prison furlough feasible for every convict? Experts say no. Careful selection is essential, says one authority after another. Men and women who would break up the family by returning, those who would breed diseased children, the feeble-minded, the criminally insane, the unstable who would resume lawless associations, the incurable enemies of society, must be kept in confinement.

But how can the choice be made?

In the same way that parole and probation should be. There is already a practical method worked out. The case-classification method, as it is called, "studies the man, not the crime." Its assumption is that a convict who is sentenced for a light crime may be much more dangerous, potentially, than the offense which caused his arrest, just as a man who has committed one serious crime may be redeemable.

Selection should be made on one basis only: How will this individual react when let out? Selection can't be too exact. But when science and sincerity make the choice, not politics, a way to rehabilitation may be found for the redeemable.

The old and hardened convict hasn't much hope, when he gets out, of fitting in with the rest of us. But the young have. Other countries have recognized the need to solve their problem. In the Philippines there are prison colonies where whole families live with the man or the woman convicted. John Lewis Gillin saw in India settlements, including those for desperate criminals, where "a feature is that women or men are allowed to keep their families," with improved conditions resulting. At San Salvador the government lets prisoners' wives visit them.

THE END

BY ELIZABETH GERTRUDE STERN

—let's call him Jim Brown. He was thirty-five, sent up for a desperate highway robbery. Because he was a skillful workman the warden took to using him at odd jobs about the place, though he wasn't an easy man to handle. At Christmas Jim was asked what present he'd like. Ironically he grinned, "A day with my wife and kids." His request went to the judge. Consent was given. Jim went. At sunset he was back. And thenceforth, steadfastly, Jim Brown worked for one goal, his parole. He earned it, and he has remade his whole life.

President Judge Frank Smith of Philadelphia has been a pioneer in employing prison furloughs at the famous State Industrial Home for Women at Muncy, a model institution housing thieves, streetwalkers, bandits, murderers. "We tried," he explains, "to give the girls a normal attitude toward society and to fit them

PARADISE KATIE

By **ACHMED ABDULLAH** and **ANTHONY ABBOT**

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

KATE had not seen the inside of a church—not once—since she had left Los Angeles. Nor, in all that time, had she as much as opened the Bible. Yet, somehow, tonight, here in the lobby of the Paradise, certain words—as written in the Gospel according to St. John—came back to her; words which Jesus, looking down from the cross upon which they had nailed Him, spoke to Mary, His mother:

"Woman, behold thy son!"

Sure, she thought bitterly, that's what she was doing, too. She was beholding her son. Her Bill whom she had imagined to be dead.

And he wasn't dead.

No, no! He was dying. Only dying. . . .

She pressed him more closely against her breast. She

caressed his immobile face. She kissed his pale lips.

"Bill!" she cried. "Bill!"

He groaned. His mouth sagged.

Her son! Her little Junior!

Little . . . ?

Why, he must be all of six feet. Taller than his dad had been. And broad-shouldered. And big-boned. And powerful. . . .

And—slowly bleeding to death.

With trembling fingers she tore her blouse into strips. She bandaged the wounds. But it did no good. A steady crimson flow seeped through.

A coldness crept into her soul. She sobbed.

Life—oh, the dirty, mean business which went by the name of life! She hated it. The earth belonged to men—it was written—and the fruits thereof. And were the earth and the fruits thereof worth all the struggle, the heartache, the black despair . . . ?

So she reflected, hopelessly, helplessly; and the next

"Pretty nice—if you ask me." He closed his eyes. "And thanks a lot—for saving my life."



Now, with one last heart-clutching thrill, the story of a gallant woman bids her farewell—and so must you



moment, quite suddenly, pulled herself together. She told herself:

"Here's my son. Dying from loss of blood. It's up to me to do something—and p. d. q."

Plenty good hospitals, she knew, in the International Settlement. But how was she going to get him through the Japanese lines?

Only one thing to do. Only one spot she could take him to. Her old house on North Szechuan Road where she had been bound when, on an impulse—though maybe the dear Lord had willed it so—she had stopped to take a last peek at the Paradise. Her friends who lived there, Ng Gin and his wife, were swell people. They'd do all they could. . . . Well, she'd have to get Bill there.

She slipped an arm about his shoulders. Could not lift him. Just wasn't strong enough.

"Aw gee!" she whispered.

She tried once more, exerting all her strength. Failed once more. All she achieved was to hurt him—his wounds bled more freely—he moaned in his stupor. . . .

She wept brokenly.

Defeated—that's what she was. Because she was a woman, and weak.

Tough, being a woman.

Men could do things at a pinch. With their muscles, their bones, their hard bodies.

Women couldn't. . . .

She knelt there by her son's side and watched his blood trickle, and cursed her sex.

Still, again:

"Up to me to do something."

She got up and crossed over to the threshold of the lobby. She'd implore the first passer-by, decent man or skulking, furtive roughneck, to aid her. She glanced up and down Thibet Road. But it was deserted. The honest people were shivering in fear behind shuttered windows; the dishonest had plundered their fill, were making merry with opium and rice brandy and potent *sho shing* wine.

Nobody was about. Not a single human being to lend her a hand.

And she laughed.

It was a hysterical, high-pitched laugh. A laugh at the terrible, senseless cruelty of Fate. To give back her son to her. For a minute. Not much more than a minute. And, immediately, to snatch him away from her—into death. . . .

"Funny!" she shrieked. "Funny as hell—ain't it?"

Her laugh feathered to a blubbing, guppy whine. She sank on the ground, swaying from side to side, her face buried in her hands; and she turned, looked up, as she heard felt-soled slippers padding softly down the stairs, and a few moments later a man came into view.

HE was one of the looters. A short, squat Chinese who was lugging a heavy bundle—things he had stolen—things that belonged to her.

She stepped straight into his path; and he halted, drew back a little.

He knew who she was: the foreign barbarian who owned this cabaret.

He clenched a knotty fist. He was about to knock her down. But he desisted and stared at her in amazement when she bowed deeply, as a coolie might to a jade-button mandarin, and addressed him with obsequious politeness:

"I crave your protection, O just man!"

He scowled.

What, he wondered, could she be up to? Foreign barbarians were queer. Treacherous they were. Less to be trusted than a jackal in a butcher shop. Their words were honey, while their deeds were gall.

Still—this one—was she not known as the "'Melican Kwannon"? And last March, when his sister's youngest daughter had broken her leg. . . .

"What do you wish?" was his gruff demand.

Her shaking finger indicated the prone figure in the corner.

"Help," she said.

He looked at the unconscious youth; smiled thinly.

"Your lover, eh . . .?"

"No," quietly, "my son."

"I see." He paused. Like many a rogue, East or West, he would at times grow sentimental over such things as a bird's song or a rose-red sunset—or a mother's love. So he sighed now, nowise hypocritically. "All right," he went on. "I shall help you."

She stammered heartfelt thanks; explained what she wanted him to do. If together they could carry her boy to the house on North Szechuan Road. . . .

"Too far," he interrupted, "the way he's bleeding. . . ."

"But"—she sobbed—"where else . . .?"

"I know a place quite near here. The Golden Lotus teahouse, on the Alley of Increasing Virtue."

Kate gave a start.

The Alley of Increasing Virtue, so called—with scathing, oblique Mongol humor. It was rank with crime; notorious as the most dangerous spot in all the Far East.

And to take her Bill there. . . .?

She expostulated. But the Chinese insisted.

No better place for her son, he assured her, than the Golden Lotus teahouse. A man lived there who once upon a time had been a famous physician, patronized by wealthy merchants and important mandarins. Then—a discreet cough—something had happened to him. He had

been forced to go into hiding. Else—*hai!*—he would have lost his head. But his skill remained. Many were the wounds, of gunshot and knife and club, which he treated and healed when the people of the Alley of Increasing Virtue had—another discreet cough—unfortunate accidents. Nor had Kate any reason to be afraid of the neighborhood.

"At least," he added, "as long as you are with me. For they know me—and, knowing me, fear me greatly. I"—calmly, almost haughtily—"am Fu Ma, Number One assassin in the pay of the Seven Azure Dragons Guild."

He walked over to the unconscious youth. He stooped, letting the bundle slide down on the floor.

"Lift him by the feet," he said, "while I . . ."

Suddenly he was silent.

How was he going to handle both the wounded man and the bundle? He couldn't. It was all very well, he considered, to give way to sentiment; to obey occasionally the dictates of the excellent Confucius and do a noble, unselfish deed. Still, there was this precious loot. It seemed foolish to leave it behind. As foolish as setting off fireworks in a rain.

Should he go back on his word to the foreign barbarian?

That would mean a grave loss of face.

So he frowned. He debated with himself what to do; and Kate understood what was crossing his mind.

"Here you are," she said.

She slipped a diamond-and-sapphire ring from her left hand and gave it to him. He put it on his finger; watched the rainbow facets twinkle and gleam.

"By the Buddha!" he exclaimed. "Is it not worthy of my father's only son . . .?"

TWO hours had passed. Kate was sitting in a corner of the outer room of the Golden Lotus teahouse.

It was crowded with candlelit tables, and gathered about them, some pulling at gurgling, protesting Chinese water pipes, others greedily and noisily eating and drinking, was a Mongol riffraff, the sweepings of the Shanghai underworld, women as well as men. Men and women who, because of the tolerance bred by their personal degradation, were all for minding their own business; who, therefore, had paid little attention when, earlier that night, Fu Ma and the foreign woman had come in, carrying a wounded youth between them.

They knew Fu Ma, respected him as a tough fighter and notable killer. The foreign woman was—It didn't matter. Nor did it matter how the youth had come by his wounds—through a Japanese shell splinter most likely; and, anyway, he was being taken good care of in the back room by Chu Kun-yi, the great physician.

Not that, at first, he had looked to Kate like a great physician. So old and ragged and threadbare his clothes, his face a shriveled yellow mask, the whole man reeking vilely of opium.

But there had been his hands. Clever, agile, subtle hands. Hands—she had thought, watching him examine Bill's injuries—as gentle as a woman's.

Gentle, too, his smile when presently he had said to her:

"Merely flesh wounds. Not dangerous at all."

"You"—she had cried—"you mean it . . .?"

"I do. He will laugh many a laugh and sin many a sin before his soul will leap the Dragon Gate."

Then a tremendous wave of joyous relief had swept over Kate. The mean, dirty little room had seemed like an enchanted oasis in the midst of a bleak, savage wilderness. Life, gladness, happiness had shone in upon her out of the murky, fetid Shanghai night.

She had thrown her arms about Chu Kun-yi, who had submitted with ill grace. Kissing—ah, it was an unpleasant habit of foreign barbarians.

He had pointed to the door; had asked her to wait outside till he called her; had repeated that the young man was not in the slightest danger.

He had turned to Fu Ma, ordering him to bring hot water and clean linen, while she had gone into the outer room.

She was there now, amid the mingling of shifting ruddy shadows and livid candle wraiths; the odor of food

and tobacco and acrid rice brandy; the rich tapestry of Chinese faces—faces straight and crooked, handsome and grotesque, keen and villainous, morose and ribald. . . .

A picaresque scene.

But she did not notice. She sat there, eyes half closed, her mind in a turmoil.

What should she do?

Should she tell Bill that she was his mother?

Of course he knew already—had somehow discovered—who his mother was. That's what he had babbled in his delirium in the lobby of the Paradise; had babbled, also, that he was looking for her.

Looking for her!

This, doubtless, was the reason which had brought him to Shanghai.

Proved what a swell guy he was.

Proved, too, that he wasn't ashamed of her. Not he. Not her Bill. A square shooter, her Bill. All wool and a yard wide. . . .

But what would happen afterward?

Sure enough, he'd insist that she go back with him to America. And she had longed for it formerly. Go back to America, rich as mud, with some sort of plausible tale to explain where she had been all this while and how she had made her pile; and, for the sake of her dough, people—being, most of them, natural-born skunks—believing her, or at least making believe that they believed her.

But things had changed.

She was no longer rich. Most of her money was tied up in the Paradise, which was in ruins, and it would take time and effort to put it back on its feet. All that remained to her was the little house on North Szechuan Road and a few thousand bucks in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.

Besides—and this was the chief objection—so many years had passed, and she had met so many people. Some of them, wherever she went, would recognize her—and she could imagine what would happen:

A gin-soaked, red-nosed old buzzard rushing up to her. Yelling:

"Well, well, well—if it ain't Paradise Kate!"

A hearty handshake. A slap on the back. An invitation to hoist a couple. Then, when her back was turned, a leer and a whisper:

"Say, Joe! That was Paradise Kate. Used to run a hotcha night spot out in Shanghai. In partners with a fellow called Ching Ling Hi. . . ."

"Sounds Chink."

"Was Chink. Chink gambler and racketeer. Can you beat it?"

Not that she'd mind what they'd say. Not for herself. Her skin was thick.

But there was her son, her Bill. Clean young American kid. Wouldn't be able to take it. Couldn't be expected to. Wouldn't be fair on him. . . .

No, no!

Only one thing to do.

She'd disappear for good. She'd go to the interior, locate her friends, Grover Yat and Mayling, and share their life, work with them for China's future. And she'd tell Bill that his mother had perished during the bombardment.

It was the only thing to do. The proper, decent thing. And she did it sometime later, when she was alone with her son in the back room. . . .

HE was stretched out on a cot, his face pale and haggard. Chu Kun-yi, she thought, must have given him a stiff dose of medicine. For his eyes were dim, the pupils dilated; and when she had finished relating how his mother had died, his voice was blurred and wiped-over as he asked:

"What was she like?"

"Well"—was the slow answer—"between you and me and the lamppost, she wasn't so worse. At least she had guts. And"—warming to the subject matter—"not all the dirt they dished out about her was true. Nothing to it. Take it from me! She and the Chink were business partners. No more—see? Same with the other scandal they peddled over to the International Settlement. Lies, most of it. It's easy to take a girl's rep out on the side-

walk and push it into the gutter. I'm not saying she could have qualified for a sure-enough saint. Sinner—that's what she was. But isn't there an old saying about some folks being more sinned against than . . ."

"Cut it out!" he interrupted.

She was taken aback.

"Cut what out?"

"The whitewashing. My mother doesn't need it—not where I'm concerned."

She smiled. Jee-hoshaphat!—she thought—swell guy, her Bill. . . .

Mockingly, to lead him on, she drawled:

"My moth-aw! Say, you sound like one of them sentimental theme songs. The kind Al Jolson used to warble. Nothing sentimental about Paradise Kate. Not as I knew her."

"Maybe," he flared up a little, "you didn't know her so well. Not as well as I did—anyway."

Kate stared at him.

"You?"

"I guess she never let on to you what brought her to the Orient. Too proud to let on. And too decent. But I—I know!"

Kate was confused.

BUT," she stammered, "your mother told me *something* about herself: That she left you when you weren't much more than a baby. That you were adopted by an elderly couple. That, in all those years, she never communicated with them, preferring to have people think she was dead. So how did you find out?"

"From a jailbird—in Alcatraz."

"Where?"

"Fellow called Donald M'Leod. He was the man responsible for it all. Must have been conscience-stricken at the very last, as he was dying. For he sent for me. Told me everything—and I took the next ship to Shanghai. War had broken out in the meantime. There was at the Cathay a drunken Englishman—Townsend, some such name—who warned me I shouldn't go to Nantao. Wasn't safe, and the Paradise had been bombed. Well"—his voice became more blurred as the drug coiled in his brain—"I went just the same—to look for her—and some Chinese gangsters attacked me. . . ."

He yawned, was silent; and she said:

"Your mother—I remember—mentioned once that she believed you had died in a fire . . . she heard it somewhere. . . ."

"False alarm. My foster father was killed. I got badly burned." He yawned more widely. "Say—who are you anyway?"

It was on her lips to cry out:

"Don't you know? Can't you guess?"

Instead, she replied:

"Aw, I'm just an old-timer hereabouts."

He smiled shadowily and patted her hand gratefully.

"Pretty nice—if you ask me." He closed his eyes. "And thanks a lot—for saving my life."

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

You ask permission to use my letter in your testimonial work; I did not tell you the half of it. A friend left her Cascade with me to use until I could order one from you which I did at once. I had not slept for four years without sedatives and anything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade five nights I slept like a baby and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month the first three months. I used the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman; in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health and do all my work which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the wonder woman but I am not; I give all credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take \$1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work; I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

MRS. W. J. BASS,
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Texas

* * *

About 40 years ago, I was constipated to the point of danger, and my face turned to sallow light green in color. I was feeling very badly and was a patient of a doctor for months. Then I sent for the Cascade and used it according to instructions. I kept up the treatment for about ten days, and then every other day for a month and so on until I used the treatment every two weeks more or less. My cheeks gave the glow of a rose and I became strong, active and never felt better in my life. One day, the doctor stopped his gig and said to me, "William, you do not pay me any more visits; tell me why." I said, "Well, doctor, I have found relief and I do not have to pay you visits any longer." He said, "What is it?" I told him it was Dr. Tyrrell's J.B.L. Cascade. He said, "Stop it; it will paralyze your bowels and you will not be able to have a passage without it." I said to him, "Well, doctor, I am satisfied with the way I feel and I have no lack of evacuation to date." He clapped the reins on the horse's back and said, "Gedyap." In about two months I met the doctor again and he said to me, "William, are you using that thing yet?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I bought a Cascade and let me tell you it is FINE."

WM. MONTAGUE O'NEILL,
1222 7th Ave., Neptune, N. J.

* * *

The Cascade is worth hundreds of dollars to every home.

LEE P. MILLER,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

* * *

In the year 1920 my entire system was poisoned from my teeth. My dentist extracted all of them, treated the cavities and advised me to purchase a J.B.L. Cascade. He told me it would help nature discharge the poison from the system that collects in the lower colon. I also went to our family doctor for advice. He told me to continue the use of the Cascade and put me on a diet. He said he didn't know of anything that would do as much good as the flushing of the colon. Anyway, I got back to normal condition and I honestly believe the Cascade did the trick. I was bothered with pin worms that harbor in the colon for 30 years. I did everything our family doctor advised but the pin worms were still present. The faithful use of the Cascade got rid of them and that was a God-send. I honestly believe the Cascade is more important in a home than a bathtub.

K. G. VOTAW,
1709 Sixth St., Berkeley, Calif.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus $\cap$. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

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152 West 65 St., Dept. L 10-1, New York, N. Y.	
Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."	
Name.....	
Street.....	
City.....	State.....

She trembled and swallowed hard. "It's the least thing I could have done," she whispered, "considering that you . . ."

"Yes?"

"Nothing—nothing. . . ."

The next second he was asleep. She leaned over and kissed him.

Then she got up and walked toward the door.

O. K.—she'd go away. She'd disappear for good. But wherever she went the memory of her son would go with her. Her son who—sure—was a swell guy.

SHE entered the outer room. There Chu Kun-yi and Fu Ma were waiting for her.

She told them that Bill was asleep; and the physician replied he would be that way for hours and should be moved to the International Settlement before he awakened.

He went on to say that the boy

to work; to do real things for China back in the interior with her pals, Grover Yat and Mayling. . . .

"Know anybody," she asked Chu Kun-yi, "who can take charge of the boy, see him safely through the Japanese lines? I can't. I—oh—I've my reasons."

The other smiled. He turned to Fu Ma.

"I have been given to understand," he said with a slur in his voice, "that you are not looked upon—ah—entirely with disfavor by the enemies of our country, the Japanese."

"That is so," was the unblushing admission. "Gold—Chinese or Japanese—is still gold."

"As a pig, black or white, is still a pig."

"What of it?"

"I have decided that you will take the foreign youth to the Japanese lines. It will be an honorable deed."

"Pah!" brutally. "Honorable

Settlement; and two hours later the young American was in his room at the Cathay, where an English physician, hastily summoned by the hotel manager, examined him, then concurred with his Chinese colleague's opinion.

"Mere flesh wounds," he announced. "But he'd better chivvy out of Shanghai on the first boat."

"Crowded" — said the other— "all of them."

"There's one leaves the day after tomorrow. I've some pull with the skipper."

Bill, still deeply under the influence of drugs, groaned and tossed; and the worried manager suggested:

"What about a nurse?"

"My dear fellow, there isn't a nurse to be had for love or money." He looked down at Bill and frowned. "Doesn't he know somebody in town who might . . ."

"Well, he made friends with Tubby

COULD YOU WIN THIS HAND?

John O'Neil's partner, Kathleen, playing south, failed to make a three-no-trump bid, whereupon Sam Norton, O'Neil's rival for Kathleen's favor, declared that had the hand been played properly the contract could have been made.

In the ensuing argument each man put up \$25,000 to back his assertions and Norton agreed to play the hand Kathleen had failed

		S. 8 5 2		H. 10 8 6 5		D. K 7 5		C. K J 4	
		S. A 10 9 7 3		H. J 4 2		D. 8 4 3		C. 8 6	
		S. K J 4		H. K Q 9 7		D. A Q 9		C. A 9 3	

WEST

NORTH

EAST

SOUTH

on; O'Neil moving into the seat at Norton's left to oppose him.

Now, remember! You're playing the south hand to make a three-no-trump bid. If you played your best could you fulfill the contract, or would you suffer defeat? You can read how it's done—or how it isn't—in the intriguing story *Fair Play!* by the famous bridge maestro Sidney S. Lenz in *Liberty* next week.

should leave Shanghai by the very first ship. He was strong and healthy. But the excitement of war and bombardment would be bad for him. He needed several weeks' rest in quiet and peaceful surroundings to give his injuries a chance to heal. Else he might get fever and complications would set in.

"Some of the men here," the physician added, "will help you take him over to the Japanese lines. And you will be let through. After all, you are Americans."

Momentarily Kate was silent.

Oh, yes, she reflected, the Japs would let Bill through. No doubt of it. But what about herself? They'd pinch her on sight—no doubt of that either—and there'd be a firing squad, with her as the center of attraction. Well, nothing doing!

She wasn't going to kick the bucket. Not yet awhile. She wasn't old. Wasn't decrepit. Young she felt. Full of pep. Felt fine and dandy—now that she knew her son was alive; knew what kind of guy he was.

She wanted to live—live! Wanted

deeds do not cook rice." He addressed Kate: "How much?"

"Whatever I have. I have money in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—a little over six thousand dollars. It is yours as soon as I can get at it—I promise."

"Nor does talk cook rice."

"Her promise," interrupted Chu Kun-yi, "is enough, O son of a cow, unbeautiful and especially illegitimate!"

"Not enough for me."

"More than enough for you when you reflect—as I reflect—that there may be in this room patriots who, should I say the word . . ."

He was silent, and Fu Ma kowtowed deeply.

"Listen is obey!" he murmured.

And so—while already the little winds of morning came driving the dawn into the East and the sun rose hot and golden, veiled, presently, by thick plumes of black and dove-gray smoke as the bombardment began again—Fu Ma, assisted by two sturdy coolies, carried Bill through the war-torn streets toward the International

Townsend. Heard him talking to Tubby yesterday. Trying to persuade the latter to take him over to Nantao, to the Paradise. . . .

"Tubby'll do. He'll look after the lad—for the price of a couple of guineas and a bottle of the best." The physician went to the door. "I'll send some medicine. . . ."

It was almost noon when Bill came out of his sleep. He opened his eyes; saw Townsend sitting by the window, a pipe between his teeth and a tall glass near his elbow.

The Englishman approached the bed.

"What-ho!" he exclaimed heartily. "And how's my little cockyolly bird now? Pert as a robin and sharp as a hawk and ready to put the nose in the manger?"

Bill sighed.

"I'm not feeling so good."

"And serves you blinkin' well right! To go to Nantao after I warned you not to! What happened?"

"I got slugged and stabbed—right in the lobby of the Paradise."

"Why did you insist on goin' there?"

"I—oh"—Bill invented—"I heard so much about the place aboard ship. About the woman who . . ."

"Yes. Paradise Kate. Nice old gal. Wonder what she's goin' to do. . . ."

A silence.

Then Bill said dully:

"She'll do nothing—ever—ever—again. . . ."

"Eh?"

"She died—yesterday."

"Died?"

"Was killed."

"That must have been shortly after I . . ." Tubby interrupted himself. "By Jove! I am sorry. . . ." He touched his eyes with his handkerchief. "How did you find out?"

"A woman told me, last night in Nantao. An American woman." Bill smiled faintly, reminiscently. "I liked her. A peach she was—with a sense of humor—and such lovely red hair. . . ."

Tubby gave a start.

"A red-haired American woman—at night—in Nantao? What was she like?"

BILL described her, and the Englishman laughed.

"Pulled your leg—that's what she did!" he exclaimed.

"Pulled my . . ."

"Leg. Why, the woman was Paradise Kate! Paradise Kate herself. . . . Hey"—suddenly, as Bill jumped out of bed and reached for his clothes—"where d'you think you're goin'?"

"To Nantao."

"Like my foot you are!"

There was a struggle. Bill stumbled, fell. The bandage on his thigh slipped. The wound opened and bled freely. He got back on his feet; rushed toward the other, who stood with his back against the door, guarding it.

The commotion was heard. The hotel manager came running. So did a couple of Chinese houseboys. They overpowered the young American who had gone berserk, who was yelling, swearing, had picked up a chair and was crazily swinging it right and left.

Not long after the physician returned.

"What's the idea?" he demanded.

"Want to commit suicide?"

"I've got to go back to Nantao."

"You're going to Manila, day after tomorrow. . . ." And, as once more Bill tried to jump up: "Hold his arms, Tubby! And you," to one of the boys, "sit on his legs! I'm going to give him a hypodermic—and a jolly stiff one. . . ."

So again, that evening, Bill came out of his drugged sleep to see Tubby Townsend sitting by the window, quite comfortable with pipe and tall glass.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" said the Englishman, approaching the bed.

There was no reply; and Tubby continued:

"I'm not askin' you any questions, old fruit. But while you were dead to

the world with a brace of China boys watchin' you, I did a bit of investigatin'. I've pals here in the International Settlement, some white and some yellow and some rather piebald. And the pals have other pals—over in Nantao—and a way of sendin' messages which would drive the Japs nuts. Anyway, I made inquiries, and I discovered that Kate is no longer in Nantao. Left there this morning. Off to the interior. You'll never be able to find her."

Bill smiled.

"I'll find her—some day," was his slow rejoinder.

"Maybe. At all events, better get well first."

"Right. Better get well first." A silence. "Tubby!"

"Yes?"

"Tell me about her."

The other relit his pipe.

"A corker—that's what she is," he began. "The sort of woman any man—I mean, any decent man—would like to have for wife. Why, I knew her well. And occasionally she'd confide in me—and her old partner, Ching Ling Hi, told me a lot—and I surmised a lot more. For instance—listen—the first time I met her . . ."

And the Englishman continued. The comedy of Paradise Kate's life he related, the drama, the bleak tragedy, and, at times, the beauty and sacrifice breaking through the sordid background like a song through the dark places of the earth. The story which—with odds and ends picked up here and there or shrewdly guessed at, yet all dovetailing—two days later, aboard the wheezy, smelly Lung Wha bound for the open sea and Manila, a young American repeated to my collaborator and me.

A NEW YORK weekly—you remember?—had sent us to the Far East on a roving commission. The bombardment had driven us from Shanghai. And this young man, limping along with the help of a rubber-tipped stick, had talked to us. He had begged us to listen to the story of Paradise Kate, to write it down and give it to the public, in the hope that some one might run across it on the printed page—here is this printed page—some one who knew what had happened to her after she had left Nantao and where she could be found. . . .

"I've got to find her!" he said. "Got to!"

He was silent; and I remarked:

"Some dame, that Paradise Kate—I'll tell the world!"

I suppose the young man misinterpreted my slangy comment; read into it a slur and an insult which—heaven knows—I had not intended.

For he glared at me.

"Say," he cried, "you're speaking of my mother! My mother—see?"

And suddenly his right hand shot out. It connected with my jaw. And I must admit that, for a sick youngster, he packed a pretty good punch. . . .

THE END

New . . .

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why Not Repeal the Sixteenth Amendment?

ATLANTA, GA.—Listen, you Vox Popers that have complained about taxes and tax collectors:

"The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatsoever sources derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration."

There, in a nutshell, you have the Sixteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution of the United States—the income-tax amendment. Without any strings, with no limit on spending, no check of any kind, we, the people (the poor dumb public), surrendered into the hands of the politicians control over our savings and reserves—all our income, of whatever kind. Nothing whatsoever to prevent the spending of our hard-earned dollars.

Will some one explain how we, the people, were such chumps as to add such an amendment to the federal Constitution? Read it carefully.

Nearly every state, county, and city in the United States is bankrupt. Why? Because the politicians have taxed the people and borrowed money until they dare not tax or borrow any longer. They are now busy trying to invent new ways to tax the public.

Why not put on a drive to repeal the Sixteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution, making its repeal part of the platform of the 1940 Presidential platform, and take out of the hands of the politicians the power to waste our money in extravagant spending? Furthermore, let us put a limit on the amount that can be spent by our hired public servants—not only the federal but those of the state, county, and city. If we don't put a stop to this confiscatory taxation we will find ourselves paupers.

But the rich pay the income taxes? Applesauce! Who pays the tax on cigarettes and gasoline? You—Y-O-U—the consumer. It is the same, whether it is a three-cent indirect tax on a loaf of bread, a ten-cent indirect tax on a pound of beef or pork, a fifty-dollar-up indirect tax on your auto. Everything is taxed, directly or indirectly, by the federal, state, county, and city taxes—your rent, your light, your gas, your water—everything. And you—Y-O-U—the consumer, pay each and every tax. Taxes are a part of overhead, part of the cost of running a business, and are added to the cost of the commodity.

It would be to the welfare of all the common people to repeal this vicious Sixteenth Amendment.—C. Smith

CAN MEN BREAK AWAY FROM MATERNALISM?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—My hearty congratulations to you for publishing Jay Franklin's article, *The Menace of Maternalism* (August 20 *Liberty*). Heartier congratulations to Jay himself for writing it. (But is he in for it!)

Is he right when he discusses social workers? Boy, I'll say! I ought to know—I work with them. (Am I in for it?)

Every man to whom I showed the article concurred with the writer. He must have something there.

Give us more of these fearless articles by fearless writers. And maybe some day we'll be free of all tyrannous and domineering women. But, I regret to say, I doubt it!—Bob O'Shaughnessey.

WHEN THE GULLIBLE DAYS ARE OVER

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Fun After Forty, by Marjorie Hillis (August 13 *Liberty*), was fine as far as it went, but why leave out aviation? In traveling over five different air lines I have noted the age of the majority of the passengers was past forty, judging from gray hairs and reckless facial expressions.

Fun After Forty is nothing compared to the happiness that comes with the

realization that there are things which can never happen again: to know we have stopped lending money; stopped being crazy over silly mustaches; and to know that the gullible days are over. —Mrs. Hazel Shinn.

ALL SEEMED LOST—AND I PRAYED

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—With a song in my heart, I entered the ticket office of the Panama Pacific steamship line and purchased a tourist ticket from San Francisco to New York. For over a year I had worked hard and saved consistently in order to make this moment possible. On the way back up Market Street I stopped in a telegraph office and sent a wire to my wife, who, with my little girl, awaited my arrival in New York.

From the telegraph office I went to my room. While I was preparing for bed I decided to get out the ticket and read it. I put my hand in my pocket to get the wallet—and found the pocket empty. In a panic I turned all my pockets inside out, to no avail. The ticket, the wallet, and about one hundred dollars were gone! It seemed more than I could bear, so I turned in my extremity and asked my God for help.

The next morning I reported my loss

to the purser of the ship, so that my ticket would not be honored if it was produced. He gave me a job as a waiter.

During the course of the voyage I struck up a friendship with the steward who was assigned to the table next to mine. We bunked together, helped each other with the silver cleaning and odd jobs between meals, and spent our leisure hours on deck exchanging confidences and experiences.

When we reached New York I was paid ten dollars as wages for the trip. Just outside the customs line I found my wife and little daughter. They were radiant.

I was reluctant to break the news of my financial condition to my wife. We entered a taxi.

"See what I've got?" she grinned—and she opened her handbag and produced my wallet with the ticket and money intact. I almost passed out from the shock. She handed me an air-mail letter postmarked "Havana, Cuba," and it read:

"Dear Jim:

I am mailing your wallet to the address on the picture of your wife. I hope you get it O. K. I picked it up on Market Street the night before we sailed. I didn't realize it was yours until we were far out to sea. I don't know why I'm returning it now, except, for some reason or other, I just can't keep it. Maybe I'm getting soft. A hundred dollars is a lot of jack."

It was signed by my former buddy.

Do I believe in the effectiveness of prayer? What do you think?—J. C. Derby.

PRINCESS PULLED A "CORRIGAN"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin pulled a "Corrigan" in August 6 To the Ladies when she said that flies are attracted by blue.

As a matter of fact, blue is decidedly repellent to flies, and you can free your house of flies by doing your rooms in blue. This is common knowledge among painters, who for ages have painted porch ceilings blue to free them from flies.—L. F. Danforth.



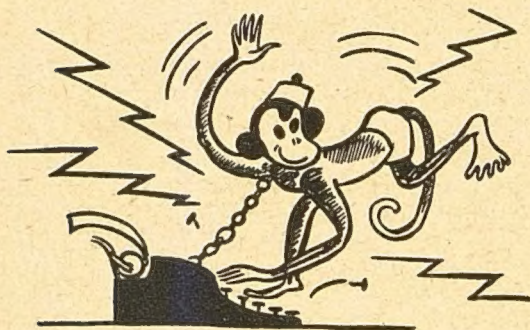
HOW TO SOLVE COCKEYED PUZZLES IN 5 MINUTES

BAIRD, TEX.—To those having trouble solving Cockeyed Crosswords I submit the following method:

Tear gently from *Liberty* the page (including both margins) containing puzzle, insert in typewriter, placing top of page downward. Next in order, chain an intoxicated monkey (moron pre-

ferred) to the keyboard. After said monk has reached his or her (female preferred) maximum stage of hilarity from intoxicants, remove light socket and with extension cord let electric current go through monkey. The dance and monkeyshines that will take place upon the keyboard after the electric contact will do the trick.

This should result in answers about 99 per cent correct. Time required for solving puzzle, about five minutes.—*C. W. Fowler.*



YOU CAN'T LEAN ON NOTHING!

TOPEKA, KAN.—*Re Mrs. Sullivan's funny joke about PWA workers leaning on shovels (August 13 Vox Pop), we like the whole thing, because under Hooverism we had absolutely nothing to lean on!—Mrs. R. P. Hughes.*

"IS THE FALL OF ROME A WARNING TO US?"

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—In stating the problem, Mr. Macfadden's editorial, *Is the Fall of Rome a Warning to Us?* (August 27 Liberty) hits the nail on the head, but where is his solution?

Suppose we examine a bit of testimony from persons a little closer to the scene. Pliny said, "Great estates ruined Italy," and Tiberius Gracchus, "Men of Rome, you are called the lords of the world, yet have no right to a square foot of its soil."

In this country there are millions who have no right to a square foot of the soil on which they live, and are forced to pay for the privilege, and then taxed to support the set-up which maintains this state of affairs.

I hold that the land and resources of this world are for the benefit of all its inhabitants, and for those yet unborn, not for those that are fortunate enough to be able to grab off portions for their private benefit.

Suppose, instead of the benefits of the possession of land and resources going to individuals, they were used as a basis of revenue, leaving industry free of that burden. Can you picture the result?—*Paul R. Nolting.*

V STANDS FOR VENOM

MADISON, CONN.—

V stands for venom in some Poppers' pens, when they rave and they curse and they jeer.

O for omissions that should have been made,

but weren't—if I make myself clear.

X stands for xanthophyll, xylophone, xyst, and darn little else, so let's skip it.

P is for poets like me who compose verses, some good, some insipid.

O for opinions that reach you each day from many a Mr. and Mrs.

P stands for paper so pure and so white that is wasted on drivel like this is.

—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

SAYS HE, CRISPLY:

WILMINGTON, DEL.—When answering the question, What are avid eyes? (August 13 Vox Pop) I would like to know, What kind of hair is crisp? "His crisp black hair," "his crisp tawny hair," etc. Does it mean as applied to bacon or corn flakes? Surely it wouldn't mean crusty?—*S. Buckman.*

FROM AN UNBIASED MIND

MOSCOW, IDA.—I wish to express my sincere approval of that splendid article by Arthur Garfield Hays, *Why Balance the Budget?* (August 13 Liberty.)

It is sound reasoning and any un-

"HARDTACK"



"Say, pop, what was that trick you were going to show me about catchin' fish?"

biased mind could not help but commend it. We need more of such.

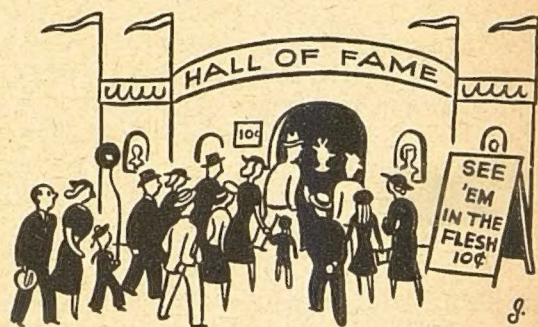
I wish also to congratulate you on your recent fiction. Especially those stories by Robert Pinkerton and Llewelyn Hughes. And on Vox Pop.

Hardtack is fine, but put him somewhere else and give us more Vox Pop space.—*O. M. Drake.*

A LIVING HALL OF FAME

JAMAICA, N. Y.—The real forgotten men and ladies are the heroes of yesteryear's ticker-tape parades. Every city has at least one *truly* great history maker.

Why not a living Hall of Fame at the World's Fair? Just let the real heroes of the past create and operate their own concession on a co-operative basis. Many of the heroes are not wealthy. Why not acclaim them once more?—*George Durst.*



ONE CRIES "BLAH!" ANOTHER READS IT THREE TIMES!

SUNCOOK, N. H.—I wish Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (August 13 Liberty) could have given me the chance to write his advice to Barbara Hutton. It would have read:

Come home after you have married enough of those foreign fortune hunters to strip you of your fortune, and go to work in a Woolworth store selling tin pans at ten dollars a week.

And I'll bet I'm not the only one thinking this.—*M. C. Rivers.*

GENEVA, N. Y.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., reminds me of a little lamb. A lamb goes baa-baa-baa! Cornelius goes blah-blah-blah! For proof, refer to Advice to Fortune Hunters (August 13 Liberty), but don't read it.—*Maxwell C. Wheat.*

CLIFTON, N. C.—Cornelius Vanderbilt's Advice to Fortune Hunters and to Barbara Hutton was a knockout. I am one of the old-timers who thought a Vanderbilt could do nothing but count his millions as they came rolling in. I've even read that article the third time.—*C. G. Eastridge.*

The Inscrutable Madam Secretary

"WHAT HAVE THEY got against Frances Perkins?" . . . This question was asked by an enthusiastic New Dealer in Washington the other day. . . . "Any one who knows Miss Perkins must admire her, not only for her great executive ability and her knowledge of labor conditions but also for her stanch courage, her genuine Americanism. . . . Why must they pick on so fine a person, so splendid a Cabinet officer?" . . . We had to admit that the first woman Cabinet officer was far from popular in many circles in the United States; and not all of those circles the privy chambers of economic royalists. . . . "Perhaps," we countered, "they feel indignant because she did not insist on the deportation of Bridges, the Maritime Labor Union leader, who is an alien and yet plays hell with our domestic and industrial peace. Perhaps, too, they feel that Miss Perkins was not forthright enough to denounce the sit-down strike at the outset of that un-American plague in this country." . . . The New Dealer, who is an honest and sensible woman, looked worried. . . . "But Miss Perkins has her side to both those questions," she declared. . . . "Her critics never seem to stop to find out the truth. . . . The trouble with Frances is that she is a poor politician. . . . Another thing that hurts her very much is that she does not know how to be gracious and friendly with newspaper people." . . . This made us pause and think. . . . We remembered several times that we had been fortunate enough to find ourselves *à deux* with the Secretary of Labor. . . . She had been frank and good-natured, we thought. . . . But the more we reflected on this conversation, the more we realized how little the country had come to know of the woman herself. . . . America knows full well her record of brilliant executive tasks well performed. . . . Her public life is an open record. . . . But her personality, her character, her thought ways seem lost in shadow. . . . Yet these were determining factors in major decisions that Madam Perkins has made and is making constantly—decisions affecting the most sensitive area of the body politic. . . . NEXT WEEK Liberty will present a character portrait of Frances Perkins. . . . The author is one of your new favorites among Washington correspondents, Walter Karig. . . . He is the author of an excellent book on Far Eastern politics—Asia's Good Neighbor, he called it—and of some brilliant pieces in recent issues of Liberty. . . . Karig has sought to study Frances Perkins, to fathom her contradictory nature as reflected in her acts and utterances, private and official. . . . What he has written is certainly not a eulogy of the Secretary of Labor. . . . With equal certainty let it be said that he has not written in a spirit of carping criticism. . . . Instead, he has tried to reach an honest evaluation, and his conclusions are of immediate interest to every American. . . . THE STRIFE between labor and capital, the warfare of labor unions, and the part that government plays in such disturbances affect the grocery bills of every American family, the pay envelope, the job itself. . . . Is Madam Perkins too indulgent toward Bridges, whose enemies say he is a Communist, and

who, at all events, is an alien at this writing, still undeported? . . . Did she make a mistake in her attitude on the sit-down strike? . . . These and other equally important questions touch the tranquillity and prosperity of every reader of this magazine. . . . Mr. Karig has been scrupulously fair, not to say gallant, in dealing with topics pregnant with danger for the future of American industrial peace. . . . THERE ARE MANY other articles full of interest, meaning, and excitement in our next issue. . . . To name a few: HAVE THE JAPANESE FOOLED THEMSELVES? by Carl Crow; RIDING WITH MURDER, by Frederick L. Collins—another entry in our Valor in Citizenship search; DOES COLLEGE FOOTBALL NEED A CZAR? by Walter R. Okeson; I MEET MYSELF IN SPENCER TRACY, by Father Flanagan; and three excellent short stories, including another bridge yarn by Sidney S. Lenz; THE FIX, by Scott Littleton; and COME AROUND FRIDAY, by Bertrand W. Sinclair. . . . These, with full installments of the cur-

rent serials, will give you a bountiful supply of entertainment, information, and, we even venture to hope, some inspiration too. . . . THREE GENTLEMEN in Cincinnati have written us a letter the gist of which comes down to this: "We read the title, WHY HITLER PERSECUTES THE JEWS, by former Ambassador Dodd. We liked the article, but the title seemed to us misleading. We now ask you, Why does Hitler persecute the Jews?" . . . We think that former Ambassador Dodd made this point very clear. . . . He pointed out the love of Jews for democracy and Hitler's contempt for democracy. . . . He said too that Hitler had a fanatical race hatred against the Jews and was subject to psychic lapses. . . . Surely, gentlemen, these are reasons enough—and too much!



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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A woman in a blue and white striped sailor's uniform with a white cap stands on a grassy shore. She holds a large white flag with a red border that says "They Satisfy" in blue cursive. In her other hand, she holds a cigarette. The background shows a tropical scene with a palm tree, a blue sea, and a boat. In the foreground, there is a large open box of Chesterfield cigarettes.

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